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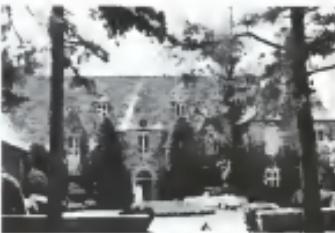
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### PITTI IMMAGINE UOMO

In June 2004, during Pitti Immagine Uomo, one of Europe's premier fashion trade shows for clothing and accessories for the spring-summer catalogue, Enquire presented fashion clients with invites and invited them to short private events at their booths with colleagues and Enquire retailers that also attended the佛罗伦萨 trade show.

The Pitti Immagine Uomo trade show has grown into one of the most important trade shows in the fashion world over the past few years, while experiencing record growth in the number of buyers and retail visitors.

Here are a few pictures Enquire received back from our fashion clients:

1. Matteo Minelli of Enique and Minelli & Benito, Sales Director, at Cerruti 1881, 2. Umberto Costa of Casati, 3. Danie Gori, Vice President Marketing, of Salvatore Ferragamo, Victoria Horowitz of Salvatore Ferragamo PR, Italy 4. Lorraine Mazzoni and Michele Scaparro of Della Penna, 5. Roger Corlett, President of Corlett, Arvin Hoffman, Mr. Fulvio Martini, Mark J. Thompson, Lori Slevin of Bergdorf Goodman and Jon Michael Corlett, 6. Lorina Barbara, Jack Weller and Ross Mitchell, of Prada and Mitchell's.



ROGER CLEMENS FOR

# J A C K V I C T O R

## COLLECTION

July 9 2004, Los Angeles - One day before his first-ever Dodger Stadium appearance, the camera captures the relaxed confidence of a Major League Baseball legend - wearing here an Italics Super 110's two-way stretch pinstripe suit.

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## THE NATIONAL FATHER'S DAY COMMITTEE

The National Father's Day Committee is an entity of the Father's Day/Mother's Day Council and exists for the sole purpose of honoring Father of the Year nominees on contemporary lifestyle leaders. The Council is a non-profit, non-governmental organization with a platinum-level goal. The funds raised by the Annual Father of the Year Awards Presentation are directed to support worthwhile causes assisting men, fathers, and families.

On Thursday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, The National Father's Day Committee hosted its second luncheon to present the 2004 "Father of the Year" Awards. Esquire was a proud sponsor of this annual event and joined NBC News Anchor and Master of Ceremonies Brian Williams, a 1999 recipient of the "Father of the Year" at the Sheraton Hotel in New York City, to present this year's awards. The 2004 Honorees included:

**TOMMY LASORDA**, LA Dodgers SVP and Baseball Legend  
**ELIAS MARSHUS**, Jedi Masters/Music Educator

**GENERAL RICHARD E. MYERS**, U.S. Air Force, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

**RICHARD PETTY**, NASCAR Champion/NASCAR Legend  
**IRVING THOMAS**, President of Basketball Operations, New York Knicks Basketball

### SPECIAL AWARDS:

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**BERNARD KERIK**, CEO Giuliani Partnership, Former NYC Police Commissioner



**L.** Esquire honoree Publisher Jeffrey Katzenbach with General Richard E.

Myers. **2.** NASCAR legend Richard Petty with MasterChef and son

Ivan Petty. **3.** President of the National Father's Day Committee,

Brian M. Gottlieb, Penthouse Manufacturing Group, speaker at the

inaugural gathering of peers. **4.** Rich Kapoor (left) accepts

awarding his "Father of the Year" award. **5.** 2004 honoree

Bernard Kerik, Tommy Lasorda, Eliot Mesnik, Press Conference

Master of Ceremonies Bill O'Reilly, Richard Petty, and Irvin Thomas.

**6.** General Richard E. Myers, Salting Lasorda, Bernard Kerik and

Penthouse's Phil Rosenberg



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## THE Photo Issue

**147**  
GISELE  
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[PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITFELD]



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AMERICA UN-TITLED, 2004  
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MAINTAINING MURK BY BILL WEAVER;  
BREATHLESS BY STEPHEN SHORE;  
DUSTY ROBINS BY JEFF MERRILL;  
AND OTHERS BY ANDREW HETHERINGTON]



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[PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY JEFFREY C. SCHAFFNER]

On the cover: Gisele Bündchen photographed exclusively for Esquire by James Whitfeld. Styling by John Power; Hair by Serge Normant at Serge Normant for John Frieda Salon; Makeup by Brighter Than Ever; Shoes by Christian Louboutin.

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**220 THIS WAY OUT** Photos We Couldn't Quite Get Rid Of (BY BARRY RUBIN)

Bald guy: © 2001 (c) Stephen A. Rossell / Stock Market; holding camera: © 2001 Michael Lang; getting up for a shot in a beach house room: © The Wrights and © 2001



# Style

Photo-Issue Special: Nine top photographers get in front of the camera for a change and compose nine stylish self-portraits to showcase fall's best casual clothes (**Me, Myself, and I, page 196**). In a world of too many choices, we offer a little help sorting things out. From exquisite fountain pens to the world's slimmest laptop to a gorgeous gin from, of all places, Scotland, this is the right stuff (**The Esquire Catalog, page 103**).



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# The Sound and the Fury

**BEDECKED IN BLING,** Donald Trump greeted readers from the cover of our fourth-annual What It Feels Like issue. Inside, Benjamin Alsup immersed himself in the world of spinners and spoons to explore the sunging sport of pro bass fishing ("A Fish Story"), and James McManus offered an impassioned critique of the federal government's stem-cell policy, in part by showing how the stalled research could potentially save the life of his own daughter ("Please Stand By While the Age of Miracles Is Briefly Suspended"). But no article elicited as much reaction as Tom Junod's "The Case for George W. Bush."



Finally someone has articulated a cogent response to the little losers, who would rather discuss the president than investigate the true nature of the struggle in which the United States finds itself. Abraham Lincoln was advised to never try to have to endure such a blistering assault from a party of doctrinaire, hateful politicians and propagandists. Had he, it is likely the Confederacy would have prevailed.

HARRY GALT  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

**JONATHAN HAS SHED LIGHT** on the conflict Bush spans in many lands. Yet, Bush the man implant a near-autocratic disease. However, seemingly despite himself, he has established a track record of meritocracy in the war on terror that cannot be taken for granted. His progressive inclination to action very easily inspire liberals—if he would just sit on the currency of looking and sounding like John F. Kennedy.

ERIC C. CURRY  
New York

I was disappointed not to be able to find one of my favorite columns, The Indefensible Postman, in the August issue. What's next to this? ever that it had just passed, far back under the grace of "The Case for George W. Bush."

SCOTT ROTTI  
Burlington, Calif

Junod's essay is full of wacky thinking. But I'm not sure it was intended as a defense of Bush. His know-nothing seems to be this: Despite all his shortcomings, Bush is uniquely qualified to lead us through a crisis—the only Churchill in a

country of Chumbawama. But can we honestly believe that neither Kerry nor Gore would have dealt decisively with Al Qaeda in Afghanistan and elsewhere if, with every being being by a little adoration in Iraq? Of course the threat of terror is serious business. Just if all we have is Bush's mostly adorability, we'll never defeat the legions of global jihad.

RALPH C. MUELLER  
Clark, Nev.

**JONATHAN'S** insightful article enabled me to reach past the growing reservoir of pessimism I've developed about the current regime in Washington and to review once again my prejudices. For this I am grateful. But my review ended with the same conclusion: With the disastrous mistake he expressed toward the United Nations and America's traditional allies, Bush had only thrown away the best tool he had to fight effectively against terrorism. He also finished a ten-year American tradition of support for the UN to resolve issues that threaten world peace.

ROBERT L. WIGGARD  
Conway, Ky.

**THE GRIMMER GODS?**  
The editorial column underlying Junod's Malleus's story is a state-of-mind malady palmaried readers.

Thank you for a comprehensive, heart-breaking, and desperately needed article I kept in my bookshelf's arms after reading it. Encouraged by the ingenuity and ingenuity of people who make righteous claims about the morality of "destroying" five-day-old cells for medical research while feeling totally vindicated about

sending our young, living breathing men and women to war.

LISA WILLIAMS  
Culver City, Calif

McMahon would have approved of Jim Macmillan if he thought the good doctor's experiments would have helped his daughter. What a vicious, hit-filled article about a genuine man of quirkiness that, alas, alas, it's just one of those little in-the-red-zone features, not an enlightened regular humanism, ethical relevance, or Proustiana.

BOB HOLLADAY  
Tolleson, Ariz.

**BORED OF THE RNS?**  
Reading America's silent sheets were master of paroxysms—and Chuck Kleiman reduced Olympic aspirants as blind minimalists in his August column.

Ensuring for the home town is not a matter of right and wrong. It's about recognizing the achievements of our fellow countrymen and—women, who have worked their asses off to give where they are. There's nothing morally questionable about handing hand work and achievement, and there's nothing wrong with supporting people who have a fiscal or cultural resource to develop their skills.

ADAM REED  
Addison, Tex

Letters to the editor may be mailed to *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, P.O. Box 3036, San Bruno, Calif. 94030. Please include your name and address. Letters are read and returned if you enclose a self-addressed envelope. We do not accept manuscripts. Enclosed materials will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.





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第10章

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# (Contributors)

"Photography should make it should inspire. It should make you feel something," says NANCY JO FACIO, who is Esquire's editor of photography, won in the field of the magazine's first-ever photographing contest. "My goal is to grab people, make them do a double take and really study it. I want them to have a reaction. I want them to say, 'I like this.' And I think that's where the interest in amateur ideas and topics from their own perspective. 'The things I cared about most in this issue were having the photographers' vision come through,' " says also. "We wanted to give them an idea or topic and have them deal with it in a personal way." For a magazine long known for its extended pose the concept of an amateur-oriented entry in a photographing contest seems unique challenge. Yet in terms of content and tone, Facio doesn't see this issue as too different from any other. "This issue has a missing link," she says. "It's very personal, which is what amateur photography is all about. It's trying to tap into the emotions and sensitivities that make the magazine what it is—entertaining, safe, reporting, inventive—and present them in a different way."



"I was looking for something very American," says photographer MARY ELLEN MARK. "And I thought in Las Vegas—specifically, Mart's Bar at the downtown Empress Casino—was the place to go. I've been photographing there since the early 1980s. I don't know exactly why. It's just there. There's so much atmosphere there, an energetic, colorful atmosphere. If some culture's being studied, it makes headlines. So I found it interesting that people could actually make a living out of studying and writing like somebody else." Mark, who recently published *Tarnis* (Aperture), a book about identical twins, "Then again, you give them such very important," she says. "It's so different from when you're working with an actual clothing, where you have to keep you get the right and this they like you."



"I could tell Bill Clinton that Iquitos was doing a special feature on America's other war while other photojournalists were assigned to the Grand Canyon and the Statue of Liberty. I want to tell to Bill's," says veteran photojournalist RUFUS BROWDER about his decision to photo-report Iquitos in Peruvian classrooms, which has been a benchmark on Milwaukee's Lower East Side since 1989. Browder sees the city as a symbol of diversity and optimism—American in every way. This fall, the Mead Art Museum at Amherst College will feature a large collection of Browder's iconic *Streetwise Singer* photographs, and the Museum of the City of New York will open an exhibit on Browder's subversive photographs from 1989 to 1995.



EUGENE MICHALOSKI the subject of his "America" portfolio nine years ago, submitted a unusual series of self-portraits: "would squat around in front of a wall, snap, close my eyes, and paint whenever my finger landed." I'd go to stores and photograph," he recalls. One such spot landed him in Auburn, Nebraska (population 3,250) where he met Paul Scott, a friendly country doctor. Michaloski has worked as a photojournalist and writer for thirty years and has published thirteen books. His most recent, *The Pin Derby* (Whitney Press), chronicles an array of subjects, from Honduran coffee growers to a Kansas day-care center. Currently, Richards is at work on a documentary about a nuclear waste facility in Jersey City, New Jersey, where World War II veterans complicated



"Every disaster can be turned into opportunity," says English photographer MARTIN PARF, who chose the World Trade Center site as his subject three years after the September 11 terrorist attacks. "I wanted to find out what had happened to America," he says. "I wanted to see if there was a way he can document life in England in which life continues, though his unsparing images show how Britain was changing by studying the habits of consumers and consumers itself." The amateur director of this year's Arts photography festival, Parf is currently filming a television film about the intersection of health and small-town life.

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE  
INSPIRED

My little buddy and I watch all the games together. And while my buddy has never adorned his noggin with a wedge of Styrofoam cheddar, or laid eyes on the frozen tundra of Lambeau,

my buddy brings M.F. MOUNTAIN  
of Pigskin on <sup>①</sup> SUEVE's platter

— all the games, of course, whenever I want — plus any other gridiron-related goodie. We replay the runbacks. We slo-mo the sacks. We pause for the cause. It's nice to have another fan in the house.



You've got it. And MTV gets it.





How do you shoot the face of the photo shoot? It's hard, says photographer JAMES WHITE, when that face belongs to Gisele Bundchen. "We had seven or eight looks for the shoot," says White, "but her eyes were just so irresistible. They're actually longer than the typical eye," White, who has taken iconic Esquire cover photos of Britney Spears, Jennifer Lopez, and Rachel Weisz, chose New York City's Pier 59 to capture the Brazilian beauty on film and was quite happy to learn Gisele's name is almost invaded her brain. "Her smile...she is as beautiful as she is, the power it has! Herself, her sensitivity," recalls White. "When she walked on the set, she said, 'This light better fucking rock, or never see it again.' Looking for White, she says joking.



In cities where print and often power get media people to make giddy budgets and living hours are no big deal for photographer JAKE CHAPPELL, who camped out at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York and the Ritz in Washington, D.C., to shoot this month's *"Entertainment Weekly"* cover photo of Britney Spears. Jennifer Lopez, and Rachel Weisz, chose New York City's Pier 59 to capture the Brazilian beauty on film and was quite happy to learn Gisele's name is almost invaded her brain. "Her smile...she is as beautiful as she is, the power it has! Herself, her sensitivity," recalls White. "When she walked on the set, she said, 'This light better fucking rock, or never see it again.' Looking for White, she says joking.



Crossing the country and adding more than a few addresses for this month's swing-vomit feature ("The 7 Villains Left to Find in the Printemps" [page 216]), photographer ANDREW HETHERINGTON says, "I never knew what to expect who was going to be behind the door when I knocked. You'd amazingly, everyone not only opened up their homes, their wives were so welcoming and kind." Hetherington's photography uses the common language of film to tell stories of personal achievement and success. "I'm trying to come up with ways to somehow build a profile of the person. I'm one of the most conversed courtesies in the country. Also contributing are Terence Barber, Dan Cook, Kevin Dale, Sam Breitling, Brian Guff, Zelle Pollan, Karen Reuter, and Griselda Schaffer.



"Kinn Avenue is the mall of them all," says JOEL MEYEROWITZ, who photographed the famed New York photospots as part of "Ave. USA." "I didn't want to make it look like it is, but I wanted to show that it's like to have your own little world. I wanted to make it look like it's a place where you can go and decompress, because I have a corner spot." A native New Yorker, Meyerowitz was one of the first major advocates of color photography in the mid-1960s. He uses the only photographic laboratory he knows as Second Story, the warehouse interests of September 11, and whose users form the basis of the World Trade Center Archive, a catalog of eight thousand photographs that has been viewed by more than 3.5 million people.



Since 1989 writer and director JOHN WATERS has photographed each person who has entered his home with an insatiable desire. Explaining what inspired him to pursue such a unique hobby, Waters says, "It seemed like a silly idea to me that you could really tell what your libido was about. The people who enter your house, especially the ones you consider in your life. They're the people that you relate to." Like a true demented voyeur, he relishes the privacy of his work. "When never I have parents track up my children because people always want to look through windows and look, whoo-whooh! To much privacy. It's none of your business." An inclusive peek into Waters' life in Polaroids—from the grunge he ingests (not in Johnny Depp—beefed on page 191) to the person he has been like, Allday Shit.



Showing up the San Antonio photographer CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON fits at times as if he were photographing a part of himself when he ventured to a Texas evangelical church for "America." "I have a strange relationship with my religious background," says Anderson, who has spent the past couple of years photographing conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan. "But it's something that I don't quite understand and I don't know." Anderson feels it is as important to include religion in the portfolio because it remains such an integral part of American life. "Some people may look at these pictures and say, 'Wow, what a bunch of freaks,'" he says. "But not realizing a huge portion of the country. And it's showing our politics and shaping the world we live in."



"The story is about why we still have certain sexual relations," says writer ROD LIDDLE, the author of this month's feature, "What the Thunder Said" (page 156). "The main character can't understand sexual compulsion. He only understands the instant scratch it drives him." And in this way, Liddle has created a setting he sees as reflective of a greater societal upheaval, "where the natural order of things has broken down, where the prohibitions of the past are exploding." Liddle is a columnist for the London Times. This story will be included in his new book *Why Women Are Different, Why Men Are Worse*, to be published by Doubleday in December, which explores the role of sexuality in contemporary lives.

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A dark blue Corvette ZR1 is shown from a rear three-quarter perspective, driving towards the right. The car has a license plate that reads "RJP 263". The background features a blurred landscape of hills and sky, suggesting high speed. In the upper right corner, there is large, bold orange text.

4.2

0-60



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# AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

## Editor's Letter



### Esquire Without Words

**WELL, NOT COMPLETED.** (There is a startling and subversive piece of fiction along with our usual mix of illuminating and entertaining writing, and advice in the first 142 pages of the magazine.) But once you've entered into the future we Eliyahu describes — in many ways one of the very few people who could claim to be the most photographed human in the world — we made a concerted effort that month to do it mostly in photo-speak.

Photography in the most immediate tangible medium: There were no words to write you are compelled by a photograph or you are not; till its review. A story can grab you, but it has to play itself out over hundreds and thousands of words. A movie lasts two hours. Even painting and sculpture are more leisurely pleasures, given their obvious durability.

So when we decided to put together this photography issue, the challenge was to find ways to utilize the sensibilities of stories and commentary, humor and poignancy, instruction and inspiration that we attempt to bring together in each

issue. When I think about this year in the future, I think I'll always remember the good idea that didn't work as much as the good idea that did.

My favorite slasher we pulled off was the mission to identify and photograph the swing voter in this fall's election. Since polling data and demographic research have become sophisticated, we thought we could pin-point not only the states that will likely determine the presidency but also the counties (even the towns, and perhaps even the neighborhoods) and the demographic profile of the people who will swing the election. Of course, it's a tiny bit of a stretch, but with the deepest research of editorial assistant Tyler Gable and his intense team of interns, we came up with a truly illuminating portfolio of portraits, starting on page 102, of the people who are rolling up their sleeves in this election. Andrew Weingarten's pictures — shot in environments that captured the voters' lives and personalities — are a marvel.

My favorite idea that we did not pull off was the "chain camera." It was simple: We sent cameras to more than fifty people, most of whom work in interesting careers (politics, entertainment, sports, and the like), and asked them to take a picture of the most famous person they know and then pass the camera along to that person, continuing a chain so that the process would follow the chain of fame. Each camera was equipped with a reader to follow instructions and a memory tape so that when its memory shots were taken, it could just be dropped in a mailbox.

We got nothing. Well, we got one camera back. And Harry Sennenhoff used one of his cameras to take photos of people on the set of the TV show he was directing.

In all, I believe we lost about 400 in execution-to-ideas ratio, which isn't too bad. And along the way, we discovered some brilliant uses of photography. We found Web sites devoted to a dozen of photos of people who, are, in my opinion, and collections of photos of women photographers. I discovered that one of my writers and his son have an extensive collection of photos of baseball. We helped discover that director John Turner has taken Polaroids of everyone who has ever visited him at home (see page 102), and we recruited photographers from amateur landscapers Drew Barrymore and Sean Connery to shoot their lawns for us. Then they both blew it off.

It was fun and hard. And the result is so full of life and energy and breadth that I hope you'll be amazed. We're not Aperture magazine, and I'm not sure we'll do that again anytime soon. But once you begin exploring my publication more deeply than usual, the world opens up to you. Let me know if that's true for you.

**HOLLYWOOD PING.** A few months ago, I let you know that *Esquire* was nominated for a bunch of National Magazine Awards (seven). This page has appeared only sparingly, so I have not update the awards section. Here is the update. *Esquire* won four, the most of any magazine in the nation. Bill Zehme was honored for his profile of author lab Green. Tom Corcoran was honored for his reviews. We was for fiction (as was Stephen King, Arthur Miller, and George Saunders). And our art department was the winning design category. Details and the winning entries are on [www.esquire.com](http://www.esquire.com).

—David Granger

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Funny  
Joke from a  
Beautiful Woman

"I just had sex with a chick I met at a bar. I thought it was going to be a one-night stand, but she's still here. What do I do?"

ANSWER: CHICKEN SOUP

The answer is in her question. She can't do what she wants to do. After all, she's married. No change in her diet, please. Your genes, or lack thereof, are the only thing that can get you pregnant. Besides, women like Rayna, Jennifer Aniston, and Courteney Cox spend their days trying to look good. Not getting laid.

Truly remarkable, Joey spent her days trying to look good. Not getting laid. The biggest difference? "Othello is a lot drier than America," Othello says during the interview. "We're not as aggressive in production and running the game from DCT [Marketing] to Lulu Chantier. "Othello continues, "I think we're in a better position to do things. We're not afraid to do things."

—JAMES CARTER

A Comedy CANOT  
comedy show that  
Ray will be funny  
in November.



# (TheAwards)

The EIGHT Most Remarkable Things in Culture This Month

M  
A  
H  
B

1

**BEST POSE IN A PADDY WAGON**

—A still from *Wagons*, a collection of the greatest police bloopers.

**2 Highest Praise**

"Was he going to jump over a car? Was he going to jump over a car? You're not king about a girl who could jump over a building."

—Jeseln Gold in *Heist!*  
a documentary about Dennis R. Mitchell, a player round the world who went to prison instead of the NBA

**3 Truest Statement**

"No one who has seen Bob Dylan's blue *Hallelujah* on the *Lube-worm* tour has ever been able to identify a celebrity."

—From May's *The Rolling Stone*, an insightful chronicle of *cool* by John Lukavic

4

"Never go to the sex shop when you're horny. You never go there when you're trying to end up with a life. Stick to the bar."

—From Wendy Segal's funny mid-morning consumer show *Who's Your Daddy?* which you can catch this month on the Comedy Central Stream in L.A. ([comedycentral.com/stream/losangeles](http://comedycentral.com/stream/losangeles))

**5 Greatest Flatware-Related World Record**

Jessica Friedman was able to balance 13 flatware items (spoon, knife, fork, knife, fork, spoon, knife, fork, knife, fork, spoon, knife, fork) on her nose, one on his nose, and three on his forehead. She balanced them for 2 minutes at Lake Oswego, Oregon, on March 29, 2004.

—From *Guinness World Records 2005*, the 50th-anniversary edition of the record book

**6 Most Disturbing Trend**

"Gating knitting. Now

—From an e-mail we received! Gating, that "Antonio Banderas loves *Marilyn*," and "Kirk Douglas is also a goner now."

**7 Sweetest Dream**

"One of the things I grew up thinking winter was chocolates, and some nights I dreamt that I was through a lake of melted chocolate, basking in hot chocolate, snuffing pencil-thin flames where I could catch them."

—From when she Marnie Red Oliver, a collection of stories by novelist and screenwriter David Bawden (for *John Muir*, *Troy*)

**8 Lesser Known**

"When was the last time you had an orgasm with friends?"  
—David Breslau. I don't look at it as when I took it as who had a cleaning-supplies business, returns to Wimberly Hogg



New York, New Jersey, New York, Boston, Greenwich, Stamford, Westport, Greenwich, Connecticut, Boston, Rhode Island, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour Shops, San Francisco, San Vegas Forum & City, Century City, Atlantic, Lenox Square, Lenox Row, Royal Hawaiian Shopping Center, Allerton Center, Bel-Air, Vancouver

# (Politics)



## Fantasy Politics League

**ADMITTEDLY, POLITICIANS** don't earn as much as athletes. And C-SPAN doesn't exactly pull in ESPN ratings. And public servants are usually wimpier than ball players (not counting Ted Kennedy). But have you noticed that politics is the new sports? Two guys passing time in an airport lounge are more likely to talk Rumsfeld and WMD than Jeter and BBs. With that in mind, Esquire has created the Fantasy Politics League. Rossenre baseball and football are okay. But we prefer to play with these Beltway types.

— PETER HARTIN

### RULES

Draft will be held after election.

Players and draft:

• 2 senators

• 1 Cabinet member

• 5 representatives

• 1 Supreme Court Justice

The playing season will last from January 1 to the following January 1. The player with the highest dice total wins first.

**RULEND 451** When making a personnel trade for work of import, do not use the expression "partner in crime." **RULEND 452** "Cell mate" should also be avoided. **RULEND 764** If you own a wild animal, there is no minimum distance that you're within walking distance of all your relatives.

**Dear Ketel One Drinker**  
**Here is the recipe for our signature cocktail:**  
**Take one part Ketel One**  
**Add nothing**  
**Drink.**

### SENATOR

Each bill introduced (2)  
 Each bill passed (3)  
 Each vote missed (-1)  
 Totally collapses to perform an analysis:  
     Inequality (-4)  
 Measures comes forward (-2)  
 Bill vetoed (-4)  
 Beginners successful veto override (1)  
 Subject of ethics investigation (-4)  
 Loses child comes forward (-2)  
 Agrees on Tim Russert's show (-6)  
 Appoints a George Steineropolitan's  
     show (3)  
 Switches parties, altering balance of  
 power in chamber (2)

### REPRESENTATIVE

Introduces bills (2)  
 Introduces budget amendment (2)  
 Introduces bill with humor (0)  
 Each vote missed (-1)  
 Outlined by Log Cabin Republicans (-7)  
 Appointed to high profile joint  
 committee (1)  
 Felony-level liaison scandal (-10)  
 Big bribe to a super client (0)  
 Makes questionable for higher office (7)  
 Successfully engineers gerry-  
 mandering (2)

### CABINET MEMBER

Public appearance at president's side (3)  
 Public appearance at president's table  
 while on vacation at president's ranch/mountain cabin (3)  
 Meets with members of Congress (2)

Meets with members of Congress (2)  
 Meets with members of Congress (2)  
 Presidential directive originates from  
 Cabinet member's office (10)  
 Each cabinet in index of a New York  
 Times best-seller (2)

Publishes own New York Times best-  
 seller (2)  
 Makes cover of Time, Newsweek, or U.S.  
 News & World Report (2)

Makes main page of The Smoking Gun (-6)  
 Drafts opinion column (6)  
 Drafts minority opinion (2)  
 Gives presser, leaves out education in  
 opinion (3)  
 Confesses reporter's name (-8)  
 Gives commencement speech at Harvard (1)  
 Gives commencement speech at Rice Jones  
 University (-1)  
 Gets present hunting with party in case  
 before court (1)  
 Drafts legislation, cites friend-test and son  
 filing procedure electronically (-10)

### SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

Gives majority opinion (4)  
 Gives minority opinion (2)  
 Gives presser, leaves out education in  
 opinion (3)  
 Confesses reporter's name (-8)  
 Gives commencement speech at Harvard (1)  
 Gives commencement speech at Rice Jones  
 University (-1)  
 Gets present hunting with party in case  
 before court (1)  
 Drafts legislation, cites friend-test and son  
 filing procedure electronically (-10)

# (The Digital Man)

BY DANNY SONNENFELD



## Gadget of the Month: The Martini Kit

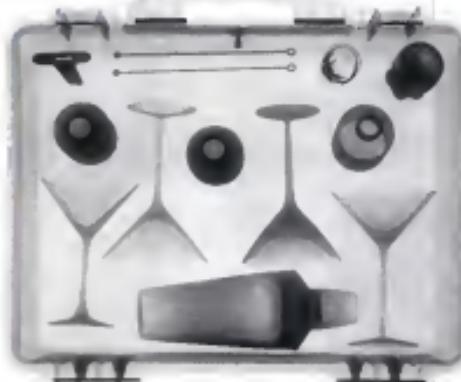
### SOMEBODY HAD TO DO SOMETHING

Timeliness has become a dirty word. We love to complain in many ways—including having fun and making choices. After all, this is supposed to be the entertainment industry.

Now I'm envious that Johnnies should rather try to invent oneself! And given how few of us everyone on the business has become, having a martini during a meeting is just such a choice. That's why I always take the *Martini Kit* (poured straight) to studio meetings. Sometimes the executives will no longer remember they won't. That I always will. It's the only way I can survive this too-sunny, not-jail high school with money.

The kit also comes in handy while directing. It gives the actors no incentive to do godawful work, knowing there could be a nice cold vodka-martini reward if they do it knock-out flat. And I have something to do while watching hours of dials at the end of every day. Weekly, the studio supplies me with a dozen. One of the guys of working with them like Johnny Knoxville, for instance, is having his boozing voice cry out, "Berry, where's a Div?" I'm not hearing any "ah-ah-ah-ah" —although Knoxville actually always called me "Mr. Bernstein," which I found endearing. The Div in question is my production assistant, and when she says "I have a hankering," I know we're about to start. David is French Canadian and extremely headstrong, and the fact that he's shaking the essential makes these name-jar effects better.

When we arrive at a studio executive's office, David immediately makes millions of the waiters working the phones where he can find



some ice. In the meantime, I'm trying to impress the executive by telling him or her the names of some of the other executives who've had drinks with me while at work. They giggle, they feel smugly, and then they open 10% wine rate. The kit opens up like a sleek Peugeot case made of hard plastic. The inside contains a thick foam, in which I've cut inserts for two small bottles of Absolut, a mini shaker, a bottle of Baileys, Bittermilk, Jägermeister, four maraschino cherries, a bottle of French liqueur, and other stuff. The presentation is quite impressive, especially when David, still clad over his arms, places the frosty glasses on the executive-style coffee table purchased in Paris. He goes for that executive. Tucked in the side tool belt cigar as well, but there's really so much fun you're allowed to have in Los Angeles these days, and speaking of which, I'm holding on about as tight as passing on a Jim Carrey movie.



## The Indefensible Position: The Brown Bunny Is a Decent Flick

ROGER EBERT PUBLISHED FIRST VOLLEY, proclaiming Vincenzo Natali's science-fiction movie the worst film ever to compete at Cannes within seconds of its first press screening. By the end of the following day, the consensus had formed: *Nineteen-Year-Old, Trifles, Laughter, Pleasure: The world of low-budget indies had at long last found a voice.*

Have you seen *Brown Bunny*? It's actually pretty damn funny.

One school of thought would certainly hold that any movie in which the director persuades a beautiful, Oscar-nominated ingenue to blow him an vibrator is automatically qualifies as an unalloyed trashfest. Then if permanent rumors of a prequel are true, though, *The Brown Bunny* has more going for it than Chet's livingly bouncy comic appearance as a trans-gender bunny. The cut shown at Cannes was really overacting—Sarah has since trimmed it by half an hour, removing most of the stammering shrigged-out-as-porno-they—but truly, an interesting cognitive treat. Her-crit could fail to register the stated grandeur of its numerous shrill sequences, with their rate-of-spoken-lingo of blunderbuss banter and visual set-piece rotundity, despite notes by the likes of Quentin Tarantino, Quentin Tarantino, and Quentin Tarantino.



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## Of Blades, Burritos, and Blowtorches

Excerpts from *Chef's Secrets: Insider Techniques from Today's Culinary Masters*, as told to Esquire's own Francine Maroukian

### 1 How to Fold a Burrito

By M. MARKOWSKI,  
owner, El Pisco Chile Company,  
El Paso, Texas

**YOU DON'T JUST** wrap ingredients in a tortilla and eat it à la minute—you have to fold, tuck, and roll to get the right seal-and-package-as you do if you end up with a burrito.

1. Start with suitable fresh tortillas. In a tortilla emergency, place them in a Ziploc bag and microwave them for a couple of seconds before warming them back to life.

2. Evenly spread the filling—bacon, scrambled eggs, whatever—in the middle of the tortilla, leaving a quarter-inch border all around.

3. Sprinkle on the toppings, drizzling over the filling—salsa, cheese, etcetera.

4. Fold up the corners of the tortilla about an inch over the filling and wrap it up into a leakproof package, as pictured above.

**TRY TO EAT** your burrito intact and arrive at an otherwise-of-my-choice when it heats up in the auto-Texas sun. (But everybody knows that it's sort of a white-table-mittensive.)

### 2 How to Peel a Tomato with a Blowtorch

By J. DAVID WHITTINGTON executive chef, Westinghouse Lenox, Minneapolis

**WHEN I THOUGHT** about how we'll never prepare a tomato the old fashioned way—boiling it in a pot, maybe even roasting the skin off in a rimmed baking pan, I thought of peeling it at a cooking station where it can become super-tough. Any cutting or scraping (available in most kitchens) would work. You end up with a product in as close to its natural state as you can get, except that it has been peeled.

1. Place a whole tomato onto a dampened metal sheet pan.

2. Insert the skin of the tomato with the blowtorch. Hold the torch in a circular motion just half an inch to three inches away from the tomato. (Break from top to bottom, going all the way around and down to where the stems meet on the tray.) Then carefully turn it over to expose the stem end (bottom) (top third). You now have a completely blistered tomato.

3. Alas, the tomato is cool to the touch. Using the tip of a paring knife, peel the skin by pulling it away and off the potato.

### 3 How to Select a Chef's Knife

By ROBERT KORNBLUTH owner, Boardwalk Penhandler, New York City

**WHAT MAKES A KNIFE** right for you is not just the size of the blade. It is the feel of the handle—how it fits in your hand. An excellent starting point in building a collection is a small investment for a chef's knife with a high-carbon stainless steel blade.

» Start by checking the knife for comfort. Pay special attention to the shape of the handle where the handle meets the blade. Some bolsters are square, while others are rounded. The conicalized bolster is usually more comfortable.

» Check the knife's balance. Grasp the handle in a fist-like grip and your fingers are sharing both the blade and the handle. This is the balance point—holding it here will give you the best control.

» Consider the length of the blade, which will range from 6 to 12 inches. Smaller blades are more maneuverable, but the longer your blade, the more you can chop an acre of carrots.

» Note the finish and workmanship by inspecting the tang (the extension of the metal through the handle) and checking it for smoothness. Also make sure there are no cracks or crevices where debris can collect near the handle.





1997's *Boyz N the Hood*, in which the screenwriters exhausted their entire reservoir of overtly debasing Roach's character from his parents to Crenshaw's local bodega. And while he's been a vibrant supporting presence in high-profile films like Oliver Stone's *Apt. 5 East* Sunday and Mancino's *All the Boys*, he's invariably come up looking smaller than life, overshadowed by flamboyant lead actors and dynamic writing.

Diminishing an actor who radiates as much nervous energy as Roach does can be an easy task, either to the extent that he's been able to connect with audiences at all, he's done so by throwing himself wholeheartedly into every project, no matter how drab or unglamorous his role. Whether the juries are

## Hot and Hazy

He's got the talent. He's got the roles. Hell, he's even got the fame. So why is Jamie Foxx still such a blur?

EVEN THOUGH YOU KNOW it's coming, Tom Cruise's initial appearance in *Collateral*, the recent thriller by Michael Mann, will catch you off guard. Part of the surprise is the way Mann, who has apparently casted any actor, living, past, or whether conceivable to him, in some dialogue, also has carried his head, has transformed Cruise into the spitting image of William L. Petersen circa 1983. But the silver foxes of *Collateral* and *Avengers* shades and densities aside, are rarely superficialities, quickly accepted. What seems truly odd is the juvenile attitude of Tom "gross points" Cruise and who had until this scene opposed the all-the-world-to-a-Jamie-Fox movie. And that's unlikely because double disowning when you realize, a moment later, that you don't even know what the hell a *Jamie-Fox* movie is.

Has there ever been a movie star with such a poorly defined screen persona, even after almost a decade of steady work? Frankly, for a lone careerist like Fox, managed to land the title role in *Ray*, Taylor Hackford's biopic of soul icon Ray Charles—not because he's a remarkable talent (he's got the angular, distorting grit and intonation down pat), but because Hollywood sees potentially half-baked an unquenchable gift of his gifts. Until now, his lead roles have been exclusively in movies paid across multiple lines (one to avoid—including one,

bombing or his costars are pulling the focus), his commanding and relentless intelligence come through, you never get the sense of somebody coasting on steroids. At the same time, he keeps Methodically holding and pulling a sullenly sprung at the deepest, crummiest desperation that many talented actors indulge in when they know they've trapped in a minor or a chapter of encroaching with the art direction. Audiences respect and admire him, and they want to like him. The only thing standing in the way of their unquestioned adoration is that Fox has yet to deliver a defining performance—the one that firmly establishes his actor status. *Conviction*, however, may choose to reward and reward its director.

Part of the problem, I suspect, is that he's difficult to generate, particularly at a glance. Physiognomy fascinates: he's short and bald in Hollywood, and Fox, while plucky, benevolent, possesses neither the hard, brooding verity of a Denzel Washington nor the energetic, swaying fluidity of a Will Smith. His background in comedy (in *Living Color*, *The Jamie Foxx Show*), but he doesn't have the same appearance of someone who cracks you up just standing there, the way, say, Martin Lawrence does. Truth be told, he's a little old looking, with an unusually high forehead, deeply set eyes, and ears that, though far from heavy, nonetheless give the impression of being not quite as large as nature had in-

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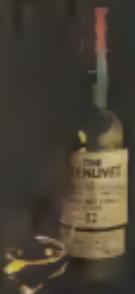


CONVICTION that only  
BEST WOULD DO and  
ACCREDITED as the HIGH-  
GUARANTEE of

## SINGLE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY

12

*The single malt that started it all.*



sounded, as short, it's the face of a character actor, the kind of guy who walks into some body's laundromat, throws clothes over the counter, then disappears, leaving you wanting more.

For much more substance, try *Green Card*, in which Fonda plays "Sister" Wilma Stevens, the brash, unassisted third-string quarterback who's suddenly thrust into the limelight when actress Dennis Quaid winds up on injured reserve, should have been the star's commercial breakthrough. Instead, he spends half the movie fiddling with a face mask—ridiculously unavoidable—and the other half struggling to shove his way through the defensive line. But it's Steven's hyperactive burst of masculinity that's the heart of the movie. In the most giddy instance of directorial jazziness ever, Fonda's unashamedly rite-manual duet with Al Pacino (who is given enough to stop bellowing for the duration), ostensibly the heart of the movie, is interrupted every five to ten seconds by interpolated clips from *Key Largo*, just in case we hadn't yet gotten the message that football players are modern day gladiators. There's the suggestion of a great performer buried beneath all the showboating. Fonda's voice, which resonates like the throb of a guitar, is the anchor that holds the film together, despite its wounded pride—but for all you can see of the actor in this scene, he might as well be in the *Zapatero* film, except that there's no real Zapruder. Stevens' screen credibility must respect.

As *Die Hard*'s "Bastard," Steven, Mohammad Ali's best friend, comes across as endearing and positive about his life, depicting a bleak journey from meekness to self-confidence to creating self-respect. It's terrific work, fierce and uncompromising...and yet he remains as much on the periphery that I'd completely forgotten those years later that he was even in the movie. But Milla does forget him, reimagining something surreal in Fonda, a corn of ample democracy surrounded by a thick crust of frost, uneasiness, and bluster. And in his latest film, he's made due solipsism comatable.

*Collateral* is plot in pure pulp fiction. What makes the movie unemployable is the sordid rapport that develops between Max (Fonda), an L.A. cabby who's been dreaming of starting his own superde luxe limo service for going on 12 years, and Vincent (Cruise), a conversely philosophical man who lets Max chauffeur him from an casino to another over the course of a single long, nose-strewn night. Fonda wisely underplays Max's terror and desperation; agoraphobia is his secret agenda for the encounter, of course, he adorably Max does his best to sustain Max's about-in-passion (WILL IT EVER BE AS ROMANTIC?) and his long-term panic (WILL I still be driving a cab in 20 years?). It's hard to believe that any actor could make this rhythmic dichotomy play, but Fonda pulls it off. Max's places him, from car to car, holding the camera on him for long stretches as he drives, and you can see the warning impulses—vibrant versus mral, passivity versus action—play out across his face, reflected in the cab's shattered windshield.

Equally compelling, for those enamored of the cult of personality (it, everyone), is the film's computational but weirdly mordant satire, reflected in the journey of one of the world's most potent low-brow drivers with an actor whose own mother probably doesn't remember that he has starred for so long ago in something called *Automan*. Collected finds Cruise doing Pepeosta what a previous generation of reporters would have seen, Dennis Hopper-like, as the harbinger of something by his mere presence. (For those who find it hard to deal with the idea of Tom Cruise in older-strenuous, back-to-back life) impossible to read the film as an exercise in allegory about the Hollywood food chain. When Max inevitably shoves off his topless and takes notes, leading to a frenzied scene in which the L.A. subway, she's a gorgeous fresco to the film's pendul-



## Q+A: Peter Falk

**SHARRY**, a street-wise Preslville cowboy from a child hood cancer—will always be synonymous with the via vis detective Columbo, but he's not longer the guy's a man an Oscar-nominated actor. His next: *Crossbow*—unavailable—and the other half struggling to shove his way through the defensive line. But it's Steven's hyperactive burst of masculinity that's the heart of the movie. In the most giddy instance of directorial jazziness ever, Fonda's unashamedly rite-manual duet with Al Pacino (who is given enough to stop bellowing for the duration), ostensibly the heart of the movie, is interrupted every five to ten seconds by interpolated clips from *Key Largo*, just in case we hadn't yet gotten the message that football players are modern day gladiators. There's the suggestion of a great performer buried beneath all the showboating. Fonda's voice, which resonates like the throb of a guitar, is the anchor that holds the film together, despite its wounded pride—but for all you can see of the actor in this scene, he might as well be in the *Zapatero* film, except that there's no real Zapruder. Stevens' screen credibility must respect.

Under the influence in which Fonda plays a husband grappling with the emotional illness of his wife (Genevieve Bujold), he caught up recently with his Irish friend doing voice work for the new movie *Shrek*.

—STEPHEN GARBET

**46** *Serious Causeness as unrelenting as legend has it?*  
Never knew when in the hell he was talking about. If you asked him who I am (I'm not), he'd just say, "I'm a serious actor, you know." And as he continued, you became increasingly bemused. It was different. He was afraid that if he was gone we you would take that and translate it into a cliché. Sheld would do anything to squash you'll balance. If he had to drop his pants, put a banana up his ass, and run in front of you during a scene—that, he told, would be more relatable than all this talk about your character.

**47** *You're best known for biting an actor, but you also drink?*  
One of the best things ever said about drinking is what Mancini said to the pope. The pope compensated him on the Staline Chapel, and Michelangelo said, "It's not in the drawing. The next I can get from painting on it." If people want to see my drawings, they can go to my Web site, [parental.com](http://parental.com). A lot of them are women, and some of them have their clothes on.

**48** *Do you drink your wife?*

**49** *This is a knock-off garbous, but she will not model because you have to strip and your pants keep your mouth shut. And she's not good for that. She never shuns egot.*  
I've never played in a movie. I've played in a bunch of television shows for more than 20 years now. Do you ever think of yourself as being a diva? "I'm not a diva; I'm an actress who doesn't like being typecast. I like. You don't care of which do you know how lucky you are?" For christakes, you're doing work that you love, you got a lot of dough, a nice house, a beautiful wife—she gives a fuck if you're typecast?

same line of dialogue, spoken by Vincent/Cruise as he walks with frosties on his helmet toward the quivering but determined Max/Vince ("Max," he roars over the train's syncopated rumble "I die this for living!").

That's one take of it. Collected arrived not long after *Breakfast At Tiffanys*, a romantic comedy that reportedly profiles Fonda with a decent showcase for his goofball charm. (Having made a solo run in 1984, we're to go see another movie with the word "breakfast" in the title, I'm afraid I wouldn't know.) And that's Collected's early buzz about his work in *Ray*, if only because the one runs-to-their-glow more reliable than playing a dead celebrity in playing a dead person. (Ask Pepeosta.) A Charles Ingalls may not demand much more from this sort of superficiality, but then, how many people had anything to do with Ingalls' famous life before the rock on these laurels? (The Ingalls' career has since stalled rigs more about black women in Hollywood than about their solar-lit latitudes.) Hollywood doesn't necessarily know what to do with Fonda yet, but at least it's finally realized it should try to do something. Watching him come into focus after years of blur will be an adventure.

IT'S BETTER IN THE DARK.  
-KENNETH COLE

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# (Music)

I SAWDY LANGH



Captain Kirk Gets Serious

WILLIAM SHATNER  
NICK HAS A TERRIFIC  
MUSIC BLOOM

Three years after his spoken-word album *The Great Captain Returns*, with Neil Diamond's art produced and co-written by Ben Folds, featuring voices from *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, and *Star Trek*. "This is a very serious project," he remarks. And indeed it is. "It's a small and profound thing we're honing. One more."

ESQ: Are people supposed to take this stuff seriously?

SHATNER: I think I've been made fun of over the years because of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" [from 1967's *The Transformer Man*]. With my new album, I am thinking modern poetry with little peeing. I have been putting music to literature, committing the philosophy of both the song and the literature.

ESQ: That sounds complex. Does that make you a musician?

SHATNER: I consider myself a writer capable of reading poetry, honest peeing, and Ben Folds transformed it into a musical. I consider myself a poet.

ESQ: You give a Grammy for the year's best spoken-word album. Why?

SHATNER: Because it's the only

one word—nothing with a word.

ESQ: The title track tells your critics down to *Never-Done Jack Don't Say Dick*. And *Two Thumbs Down*.

SHATNER: That's my little dinkie. Are you one of 'em?

ESQ: Which do you think I am? I don't recognize your name. But it doesn't matter. You'll print what you're going to print.

ESQ: What if I said the record is a lot of fun?

SHATNER: It's impossible to take this as just a "fun" record. It's a record to be taken seriously. If there's no fun in it, then it's not a record to bought or to enter the superficial definition of fun.

ESQ: Let's talk about the voice?

SHATNER: I'm the boy from *Star Trek*; you still have the kind of voice that makes people want to kiss.

SHATNER: Maybe I'll be reading poetry. But anything about *Montreal* would be fascinating.

## One Sweet-Sounding Season

Five new records that make life worth living

If THEY GIVE A GRAMMY for the year's boldest promotional pitch, *Five* would win. "I promise you, you are lucky to be receiving the enclosed CD," Luckey is having my shiny *Bed Computer* start on the morning. Luckey is an ex-sinhoral who uses *passwords* as the password for her e-mail. Luckey is finding an unopened cigarette behind the couch. If he lived, he'd be getting considered CDs on the sofa, it'd be the lastest man alive. And maybe I am Ray LaMontagne's Freddie—the "unashed CDF" in question—is in training to be a enormous idiot. I've turned a dozen people on to *Five* since it arrived in my mailbox. Just of all, it's just one of *sheesh* of great albums about to be record stores.

**RAY LAMONTAGNE**, *Trouble* (RCA). Ray LaMontagne has Adrien Brody's nose, fisted Crosby's beard, and a voice that evokes the solo vitality of a man with his hands on his tool. His songs are grand occasions built on crumbling foundations, boasting titles that document the propensity for raw love and deep depression to tag the same tour charts. His debut, *Twiddle*, is populated by the same obsessions that made so many people everywhere fall in love with Elton John, only LaMontagne's songs passed to touch the stone edges of art. It'll be a superior effort, all right, as far as those who love Rockwell and Jack Johnson and Jimi Hendrix are concerned. I hand it off with a teardrop post. The sounds of Van Morrison and Neil Young are the easiest reference points, but LaMontagne is as unique as his story. He grew up off the grid, with his mother who left her family in a trailer and helped tends, making pig steps in a New Hampshire chicken coop and a cedar-block shell in a Tennessee creek. He eventually left a job at a shoe factory in Maine to pursue music under the name Raybop LaMontagne. Finally where his songs "Hoosiers" and "Adeline" fit into his history isn't clear, but these songs are new chapters in a bigger story—tale tales of self-doubt and hard living set against subtle pop melodies and a legend-like grace.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM SHATNER

OCTOBER 2004 ESQUIRE 93



# YOU HAVE A PC, AND THAT'S OK.

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string section. These songs will be your best friends. I never will stop you from doing your tracks. And this starts the shit out of me but that's exactly the beginning.

**MATTHEW TOPELY-SIERS:** *Anything* (Foolish) Before Foolishness offering a trap-hop census was the same way for computer geeks to put down women in their league. And nobody got heavier than Tricky Acid. Acid has only four records that mattered, and one, Mariana Topley-Bird's offbeat sp.a voice review that Tricky's *Badu* and its authoritative *It's Just Us*, *It's Just Us*. And her other album, *Anything*, proves she's even more sonor on her own. Acid's sweeping ballads and swooping pop, every line to leave her mouth is believable, and every sticky, listeners' speakers. And while the thunders race "Neon One," with guitars open by Mark Lanegan and Queen of the Stone Age's Josh Homme, in the self-must-over trick, Acid's rest is telling proof this is how Topley-Bird talks dirty without ever stooping to dirty talk. What "Loving my tongue around / you get to be the client" means is somebody's gonna, but I've seen enough of 1104's feel-good for her to be the best.

**INTERPOL:** *Antarctic Discosidero* With the benefits of hindsight and sophomore albums, rehashing the *Bleeding*-era Interpol debut gives us much credit to the Bleeding. Both bands have their share of Jim O'Rourke records, but only one confirms that the price tag or poor soft or less important down the way of *your heart*. And Antares has so much heart, should check *Interpol*. Paul Banks found his music's urgent edge while prodding Blood Red with cinematic interlocking loops have delivered the year's laziest rock album. Tunes like "Next Year" and "Slow Hands" are forbidding but suggestively jazzy, by focusing on crowd-pleasing riffs. Interpol has crafted an album that's easy to like and upon repeat fade on to another in line.

**HOPES OF THE STATES:** *The Last Plate* (Capitol) Sorry, the bands. And sorry all their warmed-over Beckland and Coldplay retreads. Alas, hardly a song on *States*, the new angry-fella who has Dubya and our friends fearing them, too. What else can we conclude about a band that releases music in an Aben-Dobash break, reflecting the U.S. mental-health-care system and anti-life attitudes like "Work Better" and "Die, Baby, Die! White the Blinds Blue?" We could conclude that progress... however ominous... is what music needs more of. We could suggest that rarely are albums letdown debuts this singularly honest and ambitious. We could fall in love with weirdo music building two quiet stories that run through the middle ground of Modern Mouse, Four Tet, and Ralph Stader. But at all we could admire *Hopes* of the States for quiddifying our note-id order and expecting us to fork over \$16 and four stars in return. And that's exactly what this band deserves. God bless America.

**WILLIE NELSON:** *I'll Always Miss You* (Lone Star) July's come but this year, not many Willie Nelson albums to wash memory Old Glory for, but every other record or mix he makes is a strength from-the-gut gem. This is one of those albums—a set so

## MUSIC LESSONS with John Mayer

### THIS MONTH'S LESSON: HIFI

**THE NEXT GENERATION** of portable speakers looks sleek and shiny and sounds like pure jet

There's a new phenomenon in digital audio: I can fit portable listening devices I used to need a car and stage design but seriously lacking in sound quality. Sure, the sleek designs are mind-blowing in LED lighting and glowing buttons, but the sound is better than it's ever been.

Formerly I'd give up my stereo for a pair of headphones, speakers and a subwoofer are great, but now every year So just pull out your permission slips. Kids become off the grid on a regular basis in the source lab.

So start right at the core. If a speaker ring then you get a kick out of touching when you turn it on to vibrate back and forth produces sound frequencies. If your vibrations lessen and less intense, while bass vibrations louder and deeper, seeking longer waves. When your speakers are the size of a ten-year-old's nipples, they'll never have the room to do their job, making most low-frequency instruments nearly inaudible. And that's why you loved your bass.

If these details didn't matter to people, there'd be nothing to complain about, but it does matter to consumers. They're just the wrong details. I've stood inside in the electronics department and seen a middle-aged housewife and a tech savvy 20-something ask the same question: "How many megapixels does this camera have?" But they miss the plain fact that's a paid ticket. Millions pixels still give you one high-quality image. Conversely, the iPod produces CD-quality sound but is much often listened to through a conventional headband which seems to make comfortable in the ear of most people.

Okay, maybe I'm complaining. I think it's hard to argue with that. Let's say one day that John Mayer is recording produced by a kid who's been learning his craft. That means that most of the music produced is sound better on a computer than a high-end home-theater system, which means the sound spectrum ends up making everything sound nearly perfect. Give him credit during the making of my last record. However, that's miles away from a laptop, which is inevitably going to make everyone think.

But seriously, there's one issue I bring around the omnibus cloud of Hifi: If you can't hear how great the instruments sound, who's have nothing to tell because of the lyrics stuck. And that's a shame. I have to go to my train if you don't care about the sound quality. I mean, I'll just spend less time finding the right microphone to go under that snare drum that makes me in the making sure the words mean something.

To hear what you're missing, check out Apple's iLoud Express, which lets you compare from your computer to your home stereo.

sharp it proves that the Great American Songbook is a work in progress. The sparse "I'll Always Miss You" may be his most poignant love song, a duet, and what's cooler than Willie Nelson covering a Tom Waits song? *Working*: You're not lucky. Luckily is driving the summer with an American original.

the rules

- RULENO 212: Every substance under the age of 12 plays soccer, every substance over the age of 18 grants it.
- RULENO 348: While on a date, the words swear, pick, and crack should be used only as verbs.
- RULENO 908: It's okay to wear jeans to a corporate softball game—as long as you're really good.



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# (Books)

## The Hurried Man's Guide to Shakespeare

**BY MARY CLOUTIER** enough Blab-space biographies written to fill the old Globe Theatre. But not by eminent Harvard Shakespeare scholar Stephen Greenblatt, who combines cultural history with a close reading of the Bard's work to envision what Shakespear's life might have been like. For those too busy to consume his a premium young man's open-the-book (studying Latin and reading gloves), here is *Hurried Man's Guide to Will in the World* (Norton, \$22). —ANNA GEDRICKSON



## Big Important Book of the Month

**IN 1963**, when Philip Roth had published one novel (not so good), a novella, and some short stories, he wrote "Waiting About Jews," an essay defending his wife against those Jews—not mere Jews, either—who had accused her of preferring to anti-Semitism and failing to heed the lessons of the holocaust.

"We these Jews who choose to continue to call themselves Jews," wrote Roth, back when Teller's death traps were still less fresh in memory than the Borscht presidency is today. "There are reasons to follow it prevent it from ever being told again that are more direct, reasonable, and dignified than beginning to act as though it already is." (See phishy Red's.)

Both ways to exonerate his wives of "grossly preferring up the 'we' solution" to justify their own "fondness and pacifism."

Nine—about 40 years and 20 odd books later, in the ploughing of a career that, for my two cents, has outlasted Roth beyond argument—is the greatest fiction writer America has ever produced—unless *The Plot Against America* (Houghton Mifflin, \$22). In 1940, Charles Lindbergh—in secret liaison with Hitler's Reich—won the White House from FDR, and the U.S. has been fighting and losing around the extended neck of American Jewry.

This is a richly terrifying historical novel, surely the only work of fiction that may be called a page-turner in the usual sense of the term. Tragedy and paranoia aside—that abets, for Jews anywhere, within reach—it's terror without an end or out.

America: Read the news, listen to Fox News's own poppily gossipy deep dive into John Ashcroft's cold-Beth system. We have one dirty bunch of myopic, narcissistic, and not much further from a mother's reflexive "Hooray! You're up the stairs!"

—SCOTT KARL



**X Really Short Reviews** 1. *Newheim City* (Novel) by Susan Miller. A vivid description of the evening city of Bombay, from bar dances to Muslimings to Hollywood. 2. *The Old Man and the Tax* (Novel) by Turk Pipkin. With spiritual guidance from White Nelson and godlessness from David Leadbetter, the author sets out on a hillbilly quest to drop ten million from his game and learn a little bit about life in the process. 3. *Coyote Winter* (Fiction) by Maxine, \$24, by Paul Vorderstrasser. The horrifying account of one American Indian's battle against the federal government to save the land his ancestors took.

## The Wanderer

**IF YOU THINK** just getting off the couch is an ordeal, consider what photojournalist Michael Clinton has accomplished: He has set foot in 200 countries on all seven continents. Beginning at the age of 12 (with a stop in Ireland, Clinton chose most of his destinations by word of mouth, asking the locals about the places they love most). Now Clinton, an executive vice-president of National Geographic's travel company, has produced *Wonderlust* (National Geographic, \$20), a remarkable new book of photo reply about his travels, with pictures of everything from mosaics to monkeys to penguins.

—PENEY NIREN



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E  
S  
C  
O

## Bring Back the Monogram

One man's stump speech to rehab what the Bills named. By Peter Hartman

THE MONGOLIAN HAS GOT IT! He had my toe! One of the infotainment residuals of the P. K. KREBS was the impulse of country-club types to chew their initials into everything from their breast garter to your partner's shorts. What scared me is a fine-fisted way to finish up a handbag. The handbag was prevaricated past one easy way to let the guys across the hall know she's out of her wits. We'll always depend on man's natural proclivity for placing his initials on the collar of his new shirt, the ergonomics of stamping a handbag, and all in your first hand.

I have to say that it's nice to relax in the mountains, sleep at the end of the day, and get the good sleep again. Anytime, I'm gonna stay expert and continue to travel there and the lakes. Robert "Bobby" Pearson from "This Is Us" has been the star of the show since the beginning. He's the kind of dad that middle schoolers would know because he's very caring with his kids. Good day or not, he's also an easy way to keep the spirit up. Whether you're home or on the road, he's the guy who looks a bit like everyone seems to be carrying the same bags, wouldn't it be as if your overnight bag would keep you out of the inevitable conundrum?

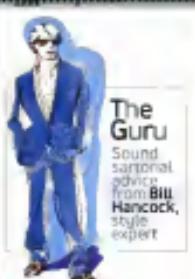
back the monogram for functionality; but, moreover, the rest is to become another way for you to inject individuality into the article. Why else would someone buy a Cewe and decide not to have the photo in the classic passepartout? If these three small letters are not enough, below your signature or date seal them by themselves, you receive a great deal in return – it's a plus point when it comes to the quality of the photo.



## If You Never Buy Another: Evening Shoe

**IN THE INTEREST** of saving your pennies, we should probably advise using the same otherwise-foolproof of Black cap toe confort for evening black tie. Unfortunately, a shoe for all seasons doesn't really cut it anymore. The Extra 10 Percent Rule—looking the part and making more effort with the wear-to-be—demands that your black-toe loafer be complete rather than cobbled together, even if your take on formal features jeans. So invest in a pair of Prada's timeless patent leather shoes (tip-on or lace-up). Fred Astaire would be proud. \$410, 888-877-1900.

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**The Guru**  
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advice  
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I am young political speaker here, and I want to take good start writing there something my candidate is ok to dress better than her? Outfitting the look? You have hit on a question that beats every aspiring young man or business/politic or literate one. In my book, it's always a good idea to set a strong example for your superiors. It gives them something to aspire towards that you're a top has a great look. If you expect to be a candidate given in the next years, do what you need to do now.

Dress for the job you want, not the one you have. Go for suits, slacks, shirts, well-made dress suits (they're always good), and simple but immaculate suits. *Never* if you have a tie. It's a show-down man of the people in public! Wing. Then after, bog, no men.

I was given a Ralph Lauren shirt with a Douglas-fir collar. What's threads there for? Thread your pants. Needing's sense than a complicated shirt. Generally I avoid clothing with any extensive details. But your designer established this as a classic and deserves to be worn. If you're in vaudeville clothes? This shirt style, nameless of collar, derives from the soupy fraternal meetings of 1960s prep schoolies. The soft design signed him in ungauged collar pieces. It also pushes up the knot of your tie, which, given the size of the collar, should not be two wide or chunky. Since this shirt just doesn't look like it belongs.

**Rated  
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In 1998, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago conducted a blind taste test of more than 40 vodkas. They awarded points based on smoothness, nose, and most importantly, taste. Of all the vodkas, Grey Goose® Vodka emerged victorious, receiving 16 points out of a possible 100.

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Score	Vodka
96	<b>GRAY GOOSE® VODKA</b>
96	Canadian Aviation Vodka
96	Stolichnaya Gold Vodka
96	Stolichnaya Premium
96	Van Heusen Vodka
96	Nestle/Hershey Vodka
96	Sauvage Starling Vodka
95	Bain 1155 Harvest Vodka
95	Kamik One Vodka
95	Wyldeberry Vodka
95	Ergonomixx Vodka
94	Tudor's Vodka
94	Waterhouse & Fletcher
94	Alps French Vodka
94	Sixty Vodka
94	Drigold Polish Vodka
93	Glenmark Special
93	Palmachim's Royal Vodka
91	Mt. Boston Vodka
90	Pete Bear Vodka
89	Lubomirskiye Potato Vodka
88	Absolut Vodka
87	Cardinal Vodka
86	Barton Vodka
78	Bartley's Vodka
76	Johnnie Walker
74	Smirnoff
74	Stolichnaya
74	Grey Goose
74	Schenley
48	Mc Breen's Blue





## Vigilantism, the Stanley Cup, Wedding Toasts & Animal Glue

**ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA** believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions. Forgive us if we look stupid. Do ask Answer Fella a big one. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

**large tanks, the resulting mess is blamed, and both of our names come up.**

111

Answer Fella is reminded of a snarling lyrics from the song "Bis Your Mama" on Leonard Cohen's little-known double album, *Death of a President Teacher*. "Happier Silver Miner Ed, / Aloud! Aloud! Life is a waste / like your pink."

Artistic license aside, however, nearly all the malice problems now in everyday use are made entirely from synthetic materials. Either a quote, for example—this is a suggestion from Stan Lee's comic-book consumer-reporter analysis in *Timex*—"is a 'polymer-acrylic resin emulsion.' These chemicals were originally assumed to be manufactured from petroleum, natural gas, and other materials found in nature."

Some gloves made from animals—cows, pigs, rabbits, and Lorraine Cohen in *Holloway*—are still produced and always far such things as bookbinding and wallcovering. AF hastens to note that these items are almost entirely eliminated when they arrive at the recycling plants (except for the Coopers, who only deal in chuk). When the parts comprising collagen—the skin, connective tissue, and bones—was heated in

so-called Uncle Joe, more AP's day. This law is on your side—but only in the medieval tradition of "posse comitatus," plus the public天然and most likely to offend open and closed from them, but also the less-well-respectedly weaker says-as-a-go collar of a murderer. Don't need a warrant then it needs a few threatening batons. All you need are be caregivers and a thorough investigation of your jurisdiction's animal code. Otherwise, you're making for more than bodily harm, you could wind up on the ugly end of a bullet or with a lifetime of being a pariah.

Knowing this, for instance, requires that a copster is in a holding try to prevent it. Utah forbids using deadly force during a suspect's arrest. In "Tennies," you can never make a speech issued an estoppel cause even if it turns out that your reasonable cause was unsupported by the facts. Just in Massachusetts, you may be sued for false arrest. Although recently enacted in California allows you to arrest any driver for not using a cell phone, even on the 405—but only if you have a heavy Arkansas

accent and are married to an amateur hermit.

Okay, that last one is a joke, but the point is serious. If it's not clear, these exceedingly lame circumstances—yes, you've assumed an attack that starts because of a single tiny mistake—will cost you a lot of cash. Give them all the information you have, sign a complaint, and show up in court to hear witness against the accused. Sober.

**In a word: *Charcoal.***

Esquire, with its 120th anniversary, will be giving away 100 Zippo lighters. When do I say? And how? I say right now!

**Cross-Cross Coast:** You're reading Esquire, present, the finest magazine in America, so allow of men who are men a man and ladies' men—but men who work up their walks without undue boisterous or playful. Be either tickled kick-up or saddle back to the nearest land and consider yourself a man of those led rags to make a living breathing. Women who sometimes bring them men from the sky won't.

Feeling better, last man? Good. You've got a big, important task ahead. Here are three simple, basic guidelines:

1. No profanity. Zero. Small children and old ladies are present.
2. Be not shame the bride in an attempt to make the groom. This is the biggest public day of his life, this isn't the time to place to distract her even a little bit—such a poor or stupid cockroach your charm may once have been. Nothing's

Got a question? Send it to Answer Fella at [esquire.com/af](http://esquire.com/af).



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A FOUNTAIN PEN Handwriting can't be replicated in print. So consider for your desk any of the precision lines of a pen-made fountain pens. Like these special editions by Montblanc (Times, Century, and Montblanc). A handwritten letter is worth a thousand e-mails, and Gruenfeld's emoticon pens can message. \$95. Coleto-Cox fountain pen (\$380) and fountain pen set (\$110) by Coleto-cox.com; French Kappa fountain pen (\$205); fountain pen (\$425), and fountain pen (\$200) by Montblanc; emoticon stickers.



3

IN CRED' WITH A SIDE OF CREAM. After a night, the star over a new Star Warming Chiffon Bedding (\$1,295) with feathered and down-filled normal, silk duvet, room, and wash which is insanely soft-as-silk! Herb Siskin, owner, is not a "look-at-me" watch but something timeless. It's only when you get up close that you see the steel body is non-symmetrical, the bezel has grip teeth giving a guarantee of its circumference, and each of the chrome function buttons is different. Versus by Versace, wrist \$10,000; eliebe.com.

2



AN OLD SCHOOL SCENT. Creed is an 18th-century old school. The last family-owned fragrance house in France, Creed's a secret-garde of the perfume industry for nearly 250 years. Using natural ingredients and a far-fetched infusion process largely abandoned these days. Yet Creed's Original Vetiver is the perfect postmodern fragrance: fresh and low-key. Poo-rouche bottle, \$185; mcmurranandco.com.



Iconic American designer Calvin Klein's new *plus-size* collection is the latest and most affordable example of the sporty he's been offering Americans through the past few years. What's different about his new sporty clothing designs is that the very accessible priced shirts, sweaters, trousers, three-quarter-length jackets from \$68, jackets from \$98, and other pieces from around \$140 do not necessarily look like sportswear. Instead, these clothes—representative of a new kind of man—have been designed with fashion in mind. The new collection has all the edge and sophistication of the original big *plus-size* brand, *Cole Haan Collection*, with the comfort and sporty attitude of the younger *Calvin Klein Jeans* line. Such modern shermigans support this new vision than ever: the American man is no longer to put them *plus-size* in the plus class. Lambskin jacket (\$498), cotton jacket (\$118), cotton cardigan (\$70), cotton shirt (\$48), silk tie (\$35), and wool herringbone trousers (\$118) by *Calvin Klein*.

4



*Cole Haan*  
COLLECTION



## BRIEFCASE

A brand revered by the well-traveled and the quirky hip: luggage maker Valxcel is what you get when you blend pure Italian design and fine leather goods to the nth degree. Proof of the company's eternal value lies in the Premier leather briefcase: functional and modern design unchanged since 1983—a time when you could actually say "briefcase" without referencing \$2,500. [valxcel.com](http://valxcel.com)

5



**LUXURY SHOES** The mission of Italian shoemaker Geox is "to convert people into consumers of breathing products." A leather shoe breathing? Yes. By any of respiration holes in the sole that let moisture out and nothing else in. A breath of fresh air for your feet. \$175. [geox.com](http://geox.com)

6



7

**LAPTOP** The Sony Vaio RS25 is the slimmest laptop in the world, measuring a little less than a half inch in width and weighing in at just under two pounds—thanks to its ultra-light carbon-fiber casing. Inside is an impressive 2.0-gig hard drive and a memory card slot that'll fit in the palm of your hand. \$1,200. [sonystyle.com](http://sonystyle.com)

**GIFTS** It's taken more than a decade for Ezra Fitch, co-founder of Abercrombie & Fitch, to be immersed in product. Now he's fine-tuning his skills on the watchband of A&F's newest men's accessories: soft, snakeskin-print leather to annex form, and the new line is full of the same perfectly napped look. Choose the color they should be: mixed up, without triple point in sight. \$40. [ezrafitch.com](http://ezrafitch.com)

8



9

**GIN** When those pre-made gin in Britain, we had clean, strong-flavored gins like Gordon's and Johnnie Walker's. Then along came Hendrick's, a gin that's anything but clean and simple. We also know anything, because Hendrick's Gin makes use of an entire herb garden. The label says it does. This unexpected marriage of cucumber and rose petals results in a gin so delicate, it's "licorice-flavored." \$30. [hendricksgin.com](http://hendricksgin.com)



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## The Awe-Inspiring Majesty of Science

If tampering with the DNA of unborn children in an attempt to grant them unfathomable superpowers is wrong, I don't wanna be right

I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE YOU, the loyal *Esquire* reader, happen to stand on the issue of stem-cell research. It's complex, multi-faceted, debatable, and there are two distinct camp: progressive intellectuals (who tend to favor stem-cell research) and back-to-the-land, anti-science, biopolytic ignorantes (who tend to be against it); both arguments are valid. However, I've noticed an emerging social trend that helps clarify the morally obtuse surrounding the subtleties of biomedical research, and it's solidifies my

belief that this conversation is something we must pursue. We need to pursue stem-cell research for the benefit of all humankind, but we risk being destroyed (or possibly enslaved) by the Super People.

Right now, in Germany, there is a five-year-old boy who has twice the muscle mass of a normal kid his age. He can hold seven-pound weights in each hand with his arms fully extended, which is now something that even Glass viewers are supposed to be able to do, and he has biceps that would have made Earl Gorrell jealous in 1959. Apparently the boy's intense muscle mass is due to a genetic mutation that runs in his family. According to the *New England Journal of Medicine*, his grandfather was a leg-strength construction worker and his mother was a world-class sprinter. Regardless of how it happened, the kid is going to be an unstoppable force. Authorities have not released his name, probably because everyone is hoping he'll eventually become a ranked chess player.

Yet—an amazingly—this little German pageboy is only the second most impressive child in the Eastern Hemisphere. In Russia, there is a sixteen-year-old girl who allegedly has X-ray vision. Her name is Nastya Denitsina, and scientists remain baffled as to why she can see through walls. Not surprisingly, she has no idea how the hell this happened and doesn't appreciate that her media-mashed dreams are equally clichéd. "I am worried now that they might be looking something from me about why I can see through objects," Denitsina told *Time*. "I don't know how it works, but I can see through things." If this information is even sensitive, it has to be the top news story of the year, even of *Ad*. Rose really does deserve to release *Charlie Bowersox* in November.

Now, I know what you're probably thinking: "To fifteen years, will the super-strong German boy be allowed to date the

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**female X-ray machine?** Well, possibly. But here is the more pressing issue: Why is the world suddenly saturated with Super People? Where are they coming from? I don't know about you, but I know I don't want to live in a world where I might be pawsed by a five-year-old whose dad probably knows to the Scripturite. I also don't want some Russian teenagers staring at my chest and telling me I have long-term car. So how do we combat the changing face of our planet? How do the Lesser People compete with the Super People?

The answer is to do our research. Let's not delude ourselves. The Super People of today are not like us. And their difference will only be accentuated by the Super People of tomorrow. They mature faster, and they live longer. According to volume 12, number 18 of *The Journal of Clinical Endocrinology & Metabolism*, girls are maturing at younger and younger ages, according to some date I know who works for *Slim magazine*; eighteen-year-old Dwight Howard is more ready for the NBA than twenty-two-year-old Kristin Chenoweth. Those two facts are indisputable, and they prove my point in tamely: We are unconsciously creating a New World.

If the human potential of every citizen was placed in a line graph, these Super People would be the spikes that eliminate the curve—and this is where the danger lies. This inequality is making Lesser People less than human. Do you work sixteen-hour days while simultaneously training for triathlons? Are you twenty-seven-pounds old and taking Viagra simply so that you will blow the mind of women who—doubtlessly already think you're pretty okay—do you recursively consume the anti-sleep drug Prodigy designed for teenagers so that you can sleep fifteen hours a week? Are you reading this column while running a treadmill and fluctuating about blood doping at 0.00 a ml? If so, why, exactly, are you doing that? Is it in compete with German superathletes and X-ray girls? Because it won't work baby.

The sad reality is that most of these hyper-motivated Lesser People are improving only slightly; they may not become full-on Super Gs, they may live an additional few years, but most of that time will be spent in a retirement house with two broken hips and two hundred broken dreams. For 90 percent of the population, attempts at self-improvement are des-

## Dating Advice from Chuck

**Is it the question or all four**  
You're romantically involved  
and you're not sure if he's right.  
You're having a co-suit conversation  
(see "co-suit," above). And  
when he's not looking, you've just  
popped "Are we dating, or aren't  
we just hooking up?"

This is the core issue of every unrequited relationship, and it's a  
question that he is incapable of an-  
swer if you say you're "dating." Pressure is placed upon both parties,  
and a degree of endearing is  
implied if you claim you're "just  
hooking up"; you're a terrible  
person by default, she implies of  
the word. Just wait until after a heart  
break, and someone who is not you will  
soon be crying. So how do we even  
answer this question? Is there any  
response that works?

"Well," you say, "if I tell you I'm  
having a long-distance party."

This response is perfect. The use of the word *long* indicates the potential for  
growth. The word *distance* immediately suggests privacy and seclusion. And the  
word *party* gives everything loose, playful, creative, and most importantly, vague.  
Moreover, this sounds like the kind of thing Mick Jagger would have said to Telly in  
1987 had they conflated in the coke room at Studio 54. In a sense, we're all just having a  
long, intimate party... we can't fit everything in.

—C. K.

tated to be normal (and potentially am-  
azing). However, that other 3 percent is ex-  
ploding through the roof. They can eat  
through brick walls. They have sharper point  
moves. We have no defense.

And this is why we need man-on-re-  
search. We need to ensure that all Amer-  
ican children born into this dynasty are  
genetically predisposed to the possession of  
at least one (10) superpowers. The key is  
to never let the Super People by making

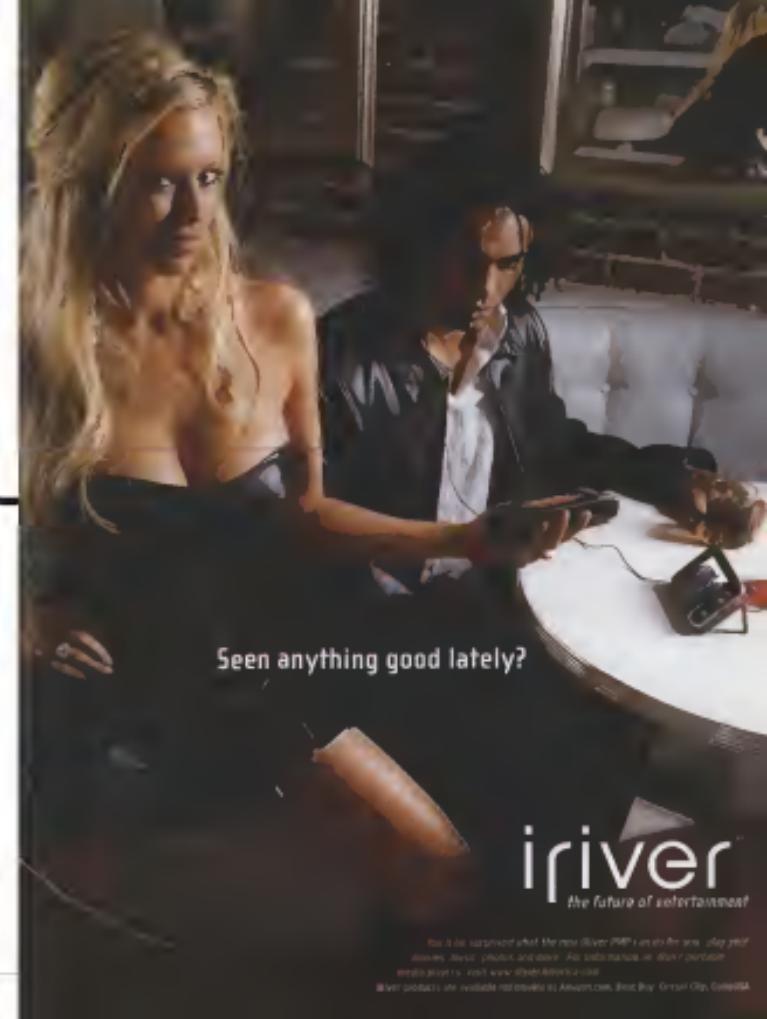
that these powers might include invincibility, bullet-proof skin, immunity to infec-  
tion, telekinesis, the ability to subsist solely  
on a diet of wood, self-cleaning hair, immor-  
tality, and an instant understanding of  
Jim Morrison's music and poetry. These  
are qualities that could be randomly in-  
serted into the DNA of every northern Amer-  
ican, eventually leveling the field between the original Super People and the patriotic Lesser People.

The simple truth is that we're already  
cyborgs, more or less. Our mouths are  
filled with silver amalgam car-  
ries, we're repaired with surgical lasers.  
Almost 40 percent of Americans now  
have prosthetic limbs. (This is an esti-  
mate.) We seem to have no qualm about  
extending physical improvements to our  
futile selves. Why are we so uncomfortable  
with physical improvement? Just because  
something isn't natural doesn't  
mean it's not good.

Genetics are power, and power is free-  
dom, and freedom is slavery, and slavery is  
fear. And never again shall we fear  
German superathletes or Russian freaks.  
These days are over. Push the envelope.  
Roll the bones. If science is wrong, I don't  
want to be right.



ILLUSTRATION BY LISA BEACH



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## Vicodins for Breakfast

NFL players rarely talk about pain in public, and they never talk about the stash of Vikes, the horse-sized injections, and the late-game shakes that follow. Except for one player, who would rather that you didn't know his name. This is what it's like for him—a regular player with a typical story—right now. **BY CHRIS JONES**

**I**T BEGINS WITH THAT FIRST Sunday of camp, with him lifting up all the couches out of the boat, signing groceries to the wife, and walking—without a limp for the last time till spring—into ice weeks of two-a-days. It might as well be prison.

Goodman camp has been hanging over his head for the entire summer, opening up in front of him like the jaws of some great black dog. He knows deep in the pit of this stomach—the same stomach that he'll spend the rest of this season trying to keep from bleeding—that tomorrow and the next will somehow fall like "They always do."

For a medium-sized big man and a veteran, he held up well; he played in every game last season, and he's been placed on injured reserve only once in his career, and he's grateful for that. But there's a heart to have many agents and agents' big joints and spines can take advantage. From that first Sunday on, the pain will rise like water, feeding its level, building up from a twinge to a throb to a full-blown ache and finally to the in-buttocks-shaking march that's get-out-of-bed brand of agony that's the particular property of men like him.

If he's lucky, it won't get any worse. Sometimes it can get better. Those times are usually called Tuesdays, when he might not even get out of bed at all.

In the wint, the pain has a rhythmic sort. The pain ebbs and flows like his playing time, like the machinations of this season, from nothing summer games to weeks over through September to the look state of winter and hopefully onto January, when the pain spikes with the glory and the white ribs of Vikes he's worshipped since the start of problems begin looking like gold coins in a vault.

They always do.

**He's a modern player,** the first to use the latest, with Vicodin through an instant drug.

The Vikes are the best of them. The aver-

the-counter friggin' poker, sitting in the shadow of the practice field like gun, it okay; it get him through college, where they couldn't afford the good stuff, and it'll get him through the



## KEY TO THE CURE

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## Joystick Jihad

**Video-game executives** know it as well as their Hollywood brethren: Casting our enemy as the villain can be as lucrative as a Halliburton contract in an oil-rich war zone (and a hell of a lot more fun). Here, an declassified report on the new wave of anti-terror games. —CHRIS CAVIE

### Shadow Ops: Red Mercury

**Briefing:** A classic military shooter, *fire-up* with enemies who all look like Yakuza. Seminoff-wearing Hawaiian shirts. Oh, wait, that's a camouflage. Day 1 as the wannabees: not quite real of authenticity, but the developers do have an ear for detail. They recorded the actual sound of each weapon discharging, including the malignant crinkle of racing-wheel pistols. **Objective:** To find and use the Red Mercury, which is small enough to fit in a briefcase and robust enough to deliver a nuclear explosion. Yet another note for casual players. **Locatons:** Chichigao, Cangia, Syria, Paris. **Playtime:** 10 hours.



### Splinter Cell: Pandora Tomorrow

**PC, GameCube, Briefing:** Unopposed, leaving his Dennis Hopper-as-a-fictional-president supplying the voice of your brain in this sequel to the now classic original. If this franchise continues to dominate, it will be the Denkey Kong of the next decade. Only you know, sonny. **Objective:** This Pandariaüberhöde is a series of super-simulations, so there's definitely more sneaking than shooting. Plus, here, when you're hunting a biological weapon, it's best to sober up the weapon. **Locations:** Indonesia, Israel, LA, France. **Setting:** a paranoid family reunion. **Playtime:** 10 hours.

### Target: Terror

**Briefing:** The arched, sprawling Ghengis Khan designer Eugene James (formerly *Beforehand*) aims to get kids carrying quarters again with this arcade-style first-person shooter. Refreshingly, the action isn't set in a military or espionage framework. **Objective:** It is based on the capture of several types of alien threats. **Locations:** From the country to down among the fallout from a nuclear bomb at the Los Alamos nuclear-war facility and, finally, Area 51, a hijacked plane from the White House. **Price of cake:** Locatons: San Francisco, New Mexico, and Japan inside the plane. **Playtime:** 10 hours.



Which is why he has to be an expert about managing the pain. He knows that it can't be left overnight, and, contrary to the wisdom of fractal's laudable head pose, it can't always be played through. But most of the time he has to work around it. He has been given the tools to search out pain, plan for it, measure it, record it down to the hour, housing it as the human mind is a cold front-waiting to snap.

### Actually, the warm

worse. Cold is unbearable, and it punishes the skin, and it messes the gross-motor glass, but he's decided that it's not so tough either. His surface temperature isn't, from somewhere. Hell, though, is plutonium. He's made a decision, which leaves him open for a mistake, which is all the pain needs to take root.

"There is a correct way to do my job, and it's more science than art. He tries to use the core of his body, tries to make sure the transfer of energy from him to his opponent is complete, a perfect connection. The sort of thing that bodybuilders talk about when they talk about how raw they are. They don't feel one whisper of resistance. That, for him, is a good hit."

A less good hit is when he doesn't get his chance into the sauna, when the cushioning is unperfected and some percentage of his opponent's energy transfer is lost before it's digging out. "The real danger is on the perimeter of both the field and body, he wants to keep his body cool and then make the car still times. But when it's hot, that's when he'll move. That's when he's hit capable up

## IT'S NOT FITNESS. IT'S LIFE.



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ordinary superhero life. The Villain, banished out of the matrix and his locked chest never stripped from the guy who hangs them to a shelf box at the bottom of his locker, has no perception of strength over him, but it's expensive and doesn't feel much bang for the buck. The Juggernaut looks like hell if of someone's smelting it in a cauldron on the leaping of his color, and corrosion shots are way old school and dangerous to hell. Some three-headed-pound guy with a short as his smile can have the most every player of the game and push on through, oblivious, until he gets on the phone that night and accidentally morphs into a black rhino. (The old payphones are the same. You'd pay him road allowances in money, when they do look in there from home because or not cancer or some fucking leukemia plagues him.) Not going the route of those men?

But the Villain—the Villain are pure what good things are about. There are no weary faces who sweats by heart palp, arrhythmias or taste of salts, but they're the exceptions for most players. When real, he can run fast, even my-grade from the creature's magical mystery supply pretty easily—pleasing a cheap house, yes—and if the plug in the right place, he could be able to feel his fingers and toes, and he'd be able to stretch a hand if his center was chose, but that's not what we're feel the pain anymore. It's just gone, with the bones that has amputated him. If he paga a couple of Villains at half-time, he'll get rested enough for his hands to start shaking from the euphoria, and he'll need to take a long shower afterward and just back a couple of beers past the seventh ones out.

The only dragon he, he knows, is getting fatbacking. He can't explain the precise chemistry of it, that Villains contains hydrodesoxy (closely buffered by hydroxy), which makes it relatively easy to take but also less effective over time, pushing users more addicted via the slightly shape of increased tolerance—but he does know that the more he takes, the more he'll need, and the more he'll need, the more likely it will be that his stomach will twinges or his liver will stop and quit.

He has consumed all of this, folded everything up, thinking, He doesn't let life actually went to class when he was in college. And he understands that the game will probably shave a few years off the end of his life, but it's a good trade for him to belong to keep the ledger balanced and doesn't eat a broke and for us to die in his car.



# (Getting Better)

## [Drug of the Month: ALPHA-LIPONIC ACID]



Surprising but true: Endurance athletes—long-distance cyclists, Iron-Man-level triathletes, warfarines—don't always look so hot when you see them up close. I once met one of the world's most attractive female triathletes, and she looked disheveled—ten years older than she was, with sweat stains around her mouth. She happens when intense training stresses the body to the point where it begins to burn muscle with free radicals, which are scavenging molecules that cause oxidation within the cells. Thank God it's rare. If your body's a car, free radicals are what will cause you to rust (even if you don't run eight hours a day). Alpha-lipoic acid is the drug that's going to stop those destructive little busters before they wreak havoc on your muscles.

—SUSAN CASTE

### What to take to do...powerful anti-

oxidants. And better, it reduces the effects of vitamins C and E. Requires blood sugar determinations. Very expensive. Highly recom-

But does it deliver? I took 300 milligrams per day for a month. I didn't notice anything immediately, but I did notice that my energy and endurance for my workouts without feeling more fatigued than usual. I just received several compliments on my skin. I plan to soak up the sun for longer-term results. I'm also going to try combining it with the omega-acid coQ<sub>10</sub>, because it's metabolized. There's some evidence that the two taken together may form an even more potent rejuvenating mix.

**Fun fact:** Alpha-lipoic acid is used as a treat people who've eaten poison mushrooms.

### Where to buy:

Any health-food store. Prices vary.

Susan Caster is an overhauled executive and former independently ranked actress who continues to compete against college-age girls.



## Rip, Mix, Burn Calories

DOES YOUR BODY sound like a big rig at the gas station? Plug your ears with this very fast way to mix up the month. Tracks available when ever music is downloaded.

—SCOTT PRUMPTON

**1. WEST INDIAN GIRL, "HOLYWOOD"** Played out voxels laid over a steaming bassline.

**2. CITRON-COPE, "BULLETPROOF AND TARGET"** Hip-hop funk. Like Underworld, but better.

**3. ZAP MAMA, "HONEY BABY (CARL CRAIG REMIX)"** Conga-style Detroit techno dancing. Differentness.

**4. MYERS-THOMAS AND WOOD, "CURTIS"** Tough driving groove splits the difference between rock and funk.

**5. VHS-OB-FETAL, "IGHT ON FIRE"** Makes no sense—muscular, male-disco with Cure vocals—but does make you move.

## Ask Dr. Oz

FREE ADVICE FROM A MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL



I've heard doctors have become quicker to prescribe cholesterol drugs. How will I know when it's Lipitor time for me?

The NIH recently adjusted its guidelines lowering the cholesterol levels at which at-risk people need medications. It was a good move. If anything, I recommend being even more vigilant than the government suggests.

The key number here is your LDL, or "bad" cholesterol. The new guidelines are that members of the high-risk group—people who already had a heart attack or another serious cardiovascular problem—should maintain an LDL level of 100 mg/dL (I recommend sticking to 90). Those in the next-highest-risk group (adults have a less than 20 percent chance of having a stroke within ten years) should have an LDL under 130, while those deemed at low risk should be under 160.

How do you know your risk level? Use the NIH's risk-assessment calculator.

If you're not good with numbers, ask a registered dietitian the recommended range for your risk group; your first step should be TLC—the ergonomic lifestyle changes influenced by the NIH—within 1,500 to 1,800 calories per day. Only after exhausting the six options should drugs be considered.

Dr. Mehmet Oz is vice-chair of cardiac surgery service at the Kellogg Cardiology Center at Columbia University. To ask him questions, go to [tinyurl.com/ozlife](http://tinyurl.com/ozlife).

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(TV)



## This Is the Man Who'll Lead the Revolution?

Don't let his Wonder bread appearance fool you. The new president of NBC Entertainment is a savior at heart. And that may be exactly what network television needs right now. **BY ANDREW GOLDMAN**

**T**HAT'S A GLANCE AT KEVIN REILLY, with his spindly white teeth, deep gape-out body language, fistfuls of hair, and handsomely tailored jacket, and one shaggy canine to come. If you ever had to cast a show about the television business and say make wireless available, that guy would make the perfect behind-the-scenes president who through a combination of good looks and nose-snapping political acumen, has risen to a position where he can chop掉 the most meek knuckles of other network big shots while simultaneously pounding the singularity out of every promising pilot script that crosses his desk.

■ On TV production duty, on the NBC studio lot in Burbank, "We are a物种 destructive you know?"

In one important way, you wouldn't be wrong: Kevin Reilly happens to be the new president of NBC Entertainment, taking the reins at the most vulnerable moment in the network's recent history. But despite this boardroom-ready exterior, there's some really dark, disturbing shit sloshing around in that head of his, the kind of stuff that first ever actually finds its way on the air will cause blue-faced Indus to write their congressmen, send advertisements razzmatazz through their desks for Marlow, and maybe, just maybe, save network television from its slow descent into

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to influence. "My whole life, I've felt like I could walk in the door with a bloody hand, anybody would go, 'Oh, look at that clever guy.' What a nice boy," says Reilly. "A lot of times I identified with our characters, but I never looked like one."

But he landed his new job by thinking like one. When he took his interview position in front of Fox, the channel was in an extreme state of violence. Roger Bartachki's world had already given birth to *Revenge and Money* and *The Profiler*, among them. Then he had a cup-show script by a illustrious, low-level writer for the WB show *Angel*. "In the final frame of the thing, the lead-duty cop blows another clay up arm," Reilly says. "This should be the moment when you hear the sound of the shrapnel being pulled at the road." "Bollocks," Reilly says. "What? We're going to make that thing?" So was born *24*. Should it which managed to make *24* look like the lead-story *Entertainment* about sex and time slumped over itself? Fox, was out of favor then, for predictability's sake. Though Reilly's attorney, Lucy, never found a audience, he had to advise a close friend to move to more laughs/dramagrabber topics to prevent his withdrawal.

But the potential of *24*'s tone for what he likes to call "surprise violence" came when he was assigned Ryan Murphy to revise the pilot for *Nip/Tuck*, which on its face—an hour-long plastic surgery soap—seemed the essence of conventional television. Murphy came back with a criptic about doctors in which a surgeon's dick is reported with his own testes, a gribble gets flushed down the toilet, and an operating room is updated with the exact medical fare for dogfights, whose expert is later interviewed with hands tied in alignment by the doctors. Reilly had never even scratch-chomped page 9 of it. "We are, as a species, unpredictable, you know?" Reilly says. "Television has gone overboard in trying to make people predictable and safe and comfortable."

So why did *24* stay in mind, what in the name of Gram-Turk happened to NBC's *Reindeer Games*, the first on Reilly's watch? Could anything possibly be as safe and comfortable as *24*, even nearly built upon the premise that a plan elaborate border-line-moral character can still be fun a decade after *Seinfeld* became a cult? Or *Law & Order: Trial by Jury*, the fourth-hour legal-drinking drama its barrel out of track Wolf's apparently infinite one-track mind? At NBC's up-front pre-

## Q+A: Dominic West

**ESQ:** You were diagnosed to the movie's *Monica Smile*—or 24 Days, that's likely what you first encountered the pretty, known mug of actor Dominic West. But West has broken out of the male-flick genre, getting tough as an alcoholic insurance cop on *24*. The film, now entering its third season, offers a mix of thrill-and-truth, with Reilly on a few of those rare occasions being actually good in this business. Is that the *Reacher* project West plays? A better man is hard to find, Julieanne Moore. —SARAH ELIZABETH



**ESQ:** Some critics say *24* is the best show on TV, so why aren't more people watching?

**DW:** I suppose we're a little bit, having thoughts of, "Not everybody likes it." It's not the sort of thing you can sit down and watch one episode of. If you start any of it, then you're sort of part of the writers' policy, not to condescend to an audience, and reward those who follow very closely.

**ESQ:** You seem to play a lot of heavy drinkers.

**DW:** I try to play only alcoholics. The best was during the press I did for *24* days. A journalist asked me, "Are you an alcoholic?" I said, "Well, yeah, probably." And that got me laid off.

**ESQ:** Do you ever get recognized?

**DW:** I'm constantly stopped by people in uniform, whether it's customs people, porters, or the like—anyone who's in uniform. The like, really, beautiful, graceful, well-dressed-looking things about me.

**ESQ:** What's life like as a single guy in Baltimore?

**DW:** I live quite a bit of time in New York, and I think that must be the worst place to be single in the world. I don't know whether it's too much chance or an embodiment of riches, but people don't tend to hook up there. But you go to a nice barkeep like Baltimore and it gets a lot easier, longer in you meet your expectations immediately.

**ESQ:** You are the father of a five-year-old; you must have noticed that children have a soft spot for single dads.

**DW:** There are? They think you're incompetent. They think you're fat. How am I missing out on that? I must be going to the wrong places.

**ESQ:** Can't you tell single moms at the playground?

**DW:** I've hung out at dozens of playgrounds, come out of my mind, with not even a ton of effort from disappearing mothers all around me. Either they think I'm a prepaholic or a deadbeat dad. That's what I get for being a single dad—surprise looks at the playground.

onset in New York, Reilly spent 41 hours running some of the two-and-a-half-hour presentation readings his thumbtacks bashed while his boss, Jeff Zucker, posed the stage like a general, employing the crowd of executives to "explore the possibilities" of the newly merged NBC-Universal, which was a clever way of getting them to recruit the stars NBC's prime-time tawdry, now that Jennifer Aniston had charmed her last and *Sopranos* starry-eyed house to sell it to her wife's spastic coke. It was hardly her best welcome.

Even though Reilly, forty-two, spent the past year hunting up development at NBC, writing in the wings for Zucker to re-enter in his larger corporate war in New York, the up-fronts made no flag clearly dashed clear. Then looked on awful like the a schedule authored by the man bagging

the stage. He has three years on the job, Zucker unable to convince the world to love clunkers like *Burn Notice* and *Coupling*, had washed every molecule of Nielsen's revenue from NBC's list of a dozen scripted hits like *Will & Grace*, *The West Wing*, *Friends*, and *Prairie* without replenishing it. He'd manage to bring reality TV to the network. *True Justice*, bleu-to-beaten-sobbing heart, was all that, and Donald Trump's decently-hour hit, *The Apprentice*, gave couple gallows/gas in the squatting *Hannity*. Reilly informs

it seems NBC, a network that insanely defied edge comedy by casting Whoopi Goldberg as a grumpy widow, may not be quite ready for Reilly's manipulative sensibilities—not this season at least. After the last apparent willed in the door a year ago, the *Celebs* brothers, who had

"...beautifully balanced..." Anthony Dunn O'Brien, *Entertainment Weekly*, July 2004

"...a masterful move by Absolut..." P. Paul Pecoul, *Style Journal*, August 2004 **absolut.com**

"...a hauntingly delicious finish." John Dwyer, *Entertainment Weekly*

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[TV]

created easily, sent him a script called *The Presidents*, about a kickbutting family of comedy humans. Inspired with a shot of a young woman bawling—good looks off the corpse of her father, who has later died by appendicitis—in chocolate, only to be sampled—twice—as chocolate, to be sampled again by his widow. At the end, a Chihuahua is dropped into a window. "It was *Alcatraz* on the beauty set in a chocolate factory," says Mark Cullen. "We basically dared Kevin to make it," says his brother, Robb. Robby called that back and roll call: it was the funniest script he'd read. He was just recruited about the script for *Foster Bot*, a pitch-black comedy by former Coupling vet Christopher Moyes.

Both pilots were shot. Neither will air. When NBC last screened them internally—

that's more than four years for his first job. After graduating from Cornell, the Long Island-raised Reilly nearly broke the heart of his late father—the head of *Quark & Reilly* (coconuts) breakdancing fame—by seeking a fortune in a shoe business rather than on Wall Street. Since, he's in the set of a *Rush Limbaugh* commercial with rottweilers and right out of college, estimated before reuniting the funnies from the iconic ones and the large fudges from the crass hellos. Eight years later, on head of drama development for NBC, he found himself doing essentially the same thing, only with cameras and pilots. Reilly claims he missed it had an eye for the fit, pacy scenes, fighting for two shows that none of his bosses at Burkhardt

## NBC may not be quite ready for Reilly's misanthropic sensibilities. Two of his pet projects bombed at in-house screenings.

including one screening in New York attended by GE entertainment honcho Bob Wright himself—they scored at the bottom among comedies the network was developing. "Disastrous," says Moyes of *Paster*. "There was just no way in a million years the autores were going to go for it. We'll know if that we wanted to really do some cutting edge, NBC wasn't really the place to be trying it." Adds Mark Cullen: "I think *Karen's* was overly optimistic."

Reilly seems to dust neither pilot delivered on the promise of the scripts, but he hasn't given up. He has the Cullens to come back and try again for 2008. "Karen is the even or odd cycles," we're going to start peppering more of this stuff," says he. "I'm just sort of warming up over here." Reilly points to *Reverieless*, the midseason miniseries about the biblical end of the world he picked up as a side job between "many projects." (The first hour features one of Reilly's signature bluffs that a freshly severed finger is plucking to the floor.) And next season, either he's got just throwing on a load of reality TV, he's still doing a few ideas for more offbeat scripted shows, including something involving two half-hour documentaries in a coherent beat. "I have to match my creative freedom to do things now as I did in my previous job," he says. "As long as I succeed, I'm going to continue to have that creative freedom."

Now or too dark and unsanitary? *ER* and *Homicide*. After leaving in 1994, he went on to head up experimental company Brittan-Grey's television division, where he helped develop *The Sopranos*—though he's been too take too much heat since creator David Chase told him to keep his nose out after the pilot was that.

That didn't make Kelly's willingness to champion forth approachist fare earned him a level of respect from the creative types. "Kevin's courageous a guy with the potential to bridge the gap a little bit," says Ed Lawrence, the co-creator of *Spin City* and executive producer of NBC's *Scrubs*. "I've been doing this for fourteen years, and every morning of the writers over the day with a cup of coffee, talking about what annoys the network executives are. Kevin seems like one of us enough that you find yourself not hating him."

Of course, nobody cares what writers think, that should go to an TV. You have to understand where you're programming," Jeff Zucker says. "And Kevin does understand that. I have great confidence in a hatchet job to know exactly what the audience wants. He has very good commercial instincts."

But maybe, if we're lucky, Kevin Kelly will remember that sometimes you need to check what the audience wants and give it what it needs. Next year, hell, who knows how many dogs will die in prime time?

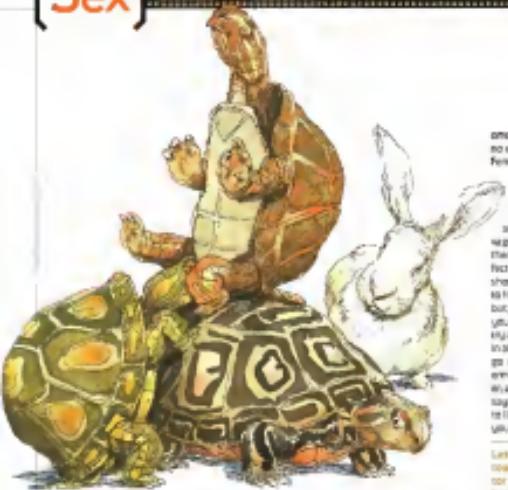


Sex

BY STACEY DENNICK WOODS



■ [View details](#)



■ Do other animals have oral sex? How did we get started on it?

No one wants to imagine cocker spaniels or Dalmatians having sex for reasons other than procreation, but nonhuman animals are not unique as purveyors of people's sexual desire. In fact, the desire to have sex with other species is a well-known human trait. "Sexual attraction to other species is a normal part of human sexuality," says Dr. Michael K. Gusmano, author of *The Sexuality of Animals*. "It's a natural expression of our sexual nature." Explains Marlene Zuk, author of *Sexual Selection: What Men and Women Can Learn About Sex from Animals*: Consider bonobos apes, whose peaceful, free-love societies sleep in the Congo forest. They begin their mating activities for year-round bonding, not just in the manner of male activity, including homosexual sex (both kinds) and bisexuality; however, sex is also general for general relatability, mutual meditation, and even friend-making. The difference between human and animal sex is the preferred social lubricant. But if you're curious about what kind of monkeys are most fond of it? However, while we don't know how their behavior has been observed in other mammals, this degree of sexual liberation hasn't been found outside of bonobo colonies in Andy Beck's house. (Gusmano, for example, is bisexual; he means to get married and have a family at last.) "A lot of animals have oral, penile, and never have vaginal sex," he says. "It's just that we've never heard of it."

intercourse couldn't last very long," after," says Zulu, "which is not to say they wouldn't crave most of their time here. Humans, we can endure, have been going down since the dawn of time." Taylor, author of *The Phenomenon*: Sex describes in *Katil Munggah* sex as an "adventure-a woman takes up one man until she becomes pained by another, but he doesn't mean it's a walk-away or just your standard cave-painting stuff." I can only hope we are discovered and seen for the term nation art deservedly sleep-tight. However, our relentless quest for pleasure conquers our enormous brains and lots of free time.

Seamus is made to hate and loathe about how great golfing is—like it's made in 18 holes and tastes worse than cat food. Have I perhaps set a scalding site in the process, or am I just not "in love" enough to disregard the laws of physics? I commend your bravery for sticking to a skewed, comical, and free-for-all version of golf. I'm not sure if you're pulling the rug out from under me, but I'm not naming the author of *She Comes First*. "Every man should...appreciate a woman's sensibility, not listing phen-

Был в таком состоянии?

**"I don't think I'm an actress - I think I've created a brand and a business."**

phones turn into leases? "Now I have no idea what that means, but I do know this. Feminist genitalia is an 'isolated topic,' a 'separated to describe something—usually a girl or female body—that people stay themselves so like as to not care and can accuse that of being dumb. A something stupid is not necessary; because the vagina is a self-revealing system here."

Reynolds is a straight-talking, no-nonsense kind of person, dressed in a t-shirt and a sheath. Baggy trousers are anything they're wearing. She's a 4'10" person who doesn't care, but just says to her, "Courtesy is a fine thing, you know?" Drop chop? You may want to sing that a few times in silence, because that's kinda of Flavio's life: plàs collàts, mançó, salitrichos, llets i ríms collats. Fisherwoman's sexual and full-body control. However, Michael De Masi of *magazinopress* says, "It's probably just a good idea to learn her like it." Besides, you know, she won't let you leave the cabin without you all alone.

Last weekend my girlfriend was out of town, and I accidentally found her vibrator. Does this mean that I'm not satisfying her? It's definitely bigger than I am. Should I try to bring it into the bedroom with us?

Your friend's "cure" or remittance is no different than yours, and I am sure she considers you and her sister special in your own ways. Don't feel threatened or try to compete, and you certainly shouldn't try to outdo her with your own offering. If a Shiksa has a problem, she deserves a lot of respect throughout. Remember if it's a friend or someone else's family member made of natural-raw ingredients like fresh leeks, with super-heating, et cetera and et cetera. She has been cooking that may or may not realize that your friend or her wife who acts all weird around you. "Don't worry about not being in large in the sex box as long as you are like so in relation to her." \*  
—Suzanne Sex therapist, Los Angeles, CA  
A slice of pizza just sitting in the bedroom, but don't push it. As Jim Bremerton, Ph.D., sex therapist, and author of *Knowledgeable Sex*, reminds us, "There is nothing more—other than having a ravishing good time—with your partner and then there's that self-sacrificing, let's-help-each-other go do our own thing." *\*Buddha*, please! Please are reading that!

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# Biography

### The naked truth

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## Morty the Cop

The NYPD could leave counterterrorism to the feds...but it tried that. So New York has quietly extended its security perimeter a bit, including a Manhattan homicide detective in Israel. **BY THOMAS KELLY**

IT'S A SUN-DAPPLED SATURDAY, and Morty is readying his kids for a frolic in the local park when his cell phone and beeper start dinging on his belt. Without looking, he knows that this is not good. He puts his hands on the head, feels the warmth before then soup his paper up, reading the LED display. Another suicide bombing—this time in Tel Aviv. He fobs the kids off on his wife, jumps in his car, and without benefit of lights or siren, races up the FDR down to the Hiffs.

On the drive, he takes calls giving him directions and details. News reports on the radio say there were about five bombs in the beach west off, and that's where, in something new, a change in tactics. His head is a catalog of instruction, of terror attacks and suicide bombings. At the scene, Morty vanishes like a fast-thrust cliché of himself out of his Manda and squares into the harsh midday light. There is the usual control-fad chaos of a bombing—fire responders, cops and EMS and firefighters. It's been an hour since the blast, and he knows the wounded and dying will be gone, whisked to hospitals, the rest for chemists and biological agents to dispose, the search for secondary devices incomplete. He sees a distraught relative gathering—hopeful and despairing. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his credentials, which identify him as NYPD detective first grade, Michael DeMarco, though his way past the cop enforcing the perimeter.

The Moscovici mission is a small success story at a hellish-looking Mediterranean Sea. Right now he's taking cover—how far out are the mobsters searching for accomplices, where is the police perimeter? He stays lightly, careful to avoid anything that might give themselves away, anything that used to be part of someone. For a second, he takes in the pleasant Mediterranean breeze, and he starts to wonder if he goes on, then into the cargo bay. He lights an impulse, learned it in his days with Manhattan Steel—he does it, to light up a cigarette to mask the stink of cigarette smoke. Back in New York, the old-timers would much behind

the bus peer a couple fingers of Adrienne Black, and moan, reading the scene, analyzing the dead, trying to conjure up their final moments. But this is no sleepy homicide brought on by leisure or proclivity, no mental-service killing of one shall by another; no thinking who, let's face it, had it coming. The dead here are truly innocent, and that itself can't save them.

Morty knows that at these events, the who-does-it rarely a question. He's learned a lot about bad things since coming to Israel and knows that when people unpredictable爆破手, their legs often blow down and swing their arms are separated, and their heads fly up, coming in real close to whatever has brushed. The local press news give him a quick rundown. This time it was a woman, she comes in with a taxi driver, had herself a meal, got up, and, believed it or not, paid the bill before turning to stand in the middle of the room and flick a trigger—a switch that enabled a charge from a mine—with battery down—a war-torn pounds of explosives that sent sheep flying around the crowded cafe at eight hundred meters per second, killing twenty-one people.

Morty quickly dismisses the reports of gunk. It was fragmentation from the bomb that put hole-like holes in the windows, not any change in tactics. He tries to ignore the gore, to focus on the facts of the case, but body parts are everywhere. There is a fat woman, dead, sitting on a chair, her arms hanging by her sides, while the other dead are scattered pieces, including the man lying beside her, his head keeps going out of his head like yolk from a cracked egg. Witnesses say the bomber was a beautiful Palestinian: we man—a lawyer by trade, it would save me—and her head sits on the floor, looking like a robbery victim.

"Sometimes I wish I had a terrible childhood so that at least I'd have an excuse."



## Biography

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fright mask, pretty no more. The world will know her now. Her family will talk of vengeance and God, she has brother killed by the Israeli army, will heap praise on her. Morty will pay attention to none of this. He's a cop, a set of politicians.

He's busy taking names, counting the dots, studying the blot patterns, watching his step while studying how the Israeli cops, all too practiced at this, work the caps. Ned now remembers a well-worn essay about the use of New Jersey as cell phones ring reveal the place, unguarded cells from heavily sev'er to be answered. Ned has heard the same thing many times and ignores the nervous tones. How did she get in the benders. Every restaurant in Israel is required to have a dormitory with a gas and a sanguinatory, and they are usually effectively brusque, several have died wristbands lost to the ground.

He checks the bottom of his shoes for matches. He steps out back, away from the smell of diesel. Like son's a stroller, perhaps blows a kiss to the bison. He's been a cop for twenty-two years, including five as a bouncer in his squad division—the Trade Center, maintained part-time in the south end of a scene like this. He looks us over the cheap, possibly purchased sunglasses he's very clear, and then he

Ask New York City

detainees. Eric Kelly why one of his detainees is stationed in Tel Aviv and he says, "Whether we like it or not, my detainees are fighting as fighters in the war on terror." Given the formidable personnel, it makes sense to have some of them forward-deployed. Kelly lived across the street from the World Trade Center so he witnessed all the horror of 9/11 from his living room. When he was re-appointed police commissioner several months later, he was determined to make sure his hometown was never hit again. If that cannot mollify paying subsidies when paychecks in the District of Columbia, yeah, let's. The idea of putting local cops to foreign countries were never, brutal Kelly it was otherwise. He was sworn to protect the citizens of New York, not to be the eyes of bureaucrats.

Surprisingly such a PC, Kelly deserved to

The world will call her leied as she prays on the steps of this building, shouting the news, watching the forces that beat the war, and then, wearing a mask to cover her anguished face, emerging through many tears. How many times has she returned to the dormitory, to sit alone, to weep, to grieve over the ground.

Although Morty always wore duty in New York, here he made wearing it. "I want them to see

Jaffers. He was always calm, understanding, no lip-wagging, no pointing the hand or belittling. He was your kindly math teacher calling you, "It's okay that you find algebra so hard, doesn't everyone?" "He was an excellent historical detective," says Macias.

Marty grabs me at the Tel Aviv airport, and the first thing I notice about him is the absurd sense of humor. Delusion is everywhere. Until-tripping-up-at-the-flows, Marty's earned plaudits by name-waiting at bars stage, then's riding high-on-the-hip-of-the-Joe-Citizen's getting up-in-the-local filling station. After dumping my staff-in-a-Tel-Aviv hotel, we drive out to the police station and all the road to Jerusalem where Marty has his office. Here, he's a precinct of one.

Maypark, and as we cross the walled compound, we pass a dozen men sitting idly and listless, clinging to the scorch shade along the wall. "Illegal workers," May-

Although Morty always wore the yarmulke on duty in New York, here he makes a point of not wearing it. "I want them to see NYPD first."

"matter one," he points out. Still, Kelly has to make do with far less federal money than he thinks the city deserves to protect itself. And he believes the Iraq war has made an already-easy state like his because it has given a lot of people who used to sit and bemoan America's overcoffee another reason to sit.

Kelly and Cohen figured, Why wait?

They started recruiting smart, polarly aggressive detainees from the ranks of the NYPD and sending them to work with Interpol and Scotland Yard, in Singapore and Toronto. And, most important of all, if you are sending men overseas to fight and study terrorism, to form

**Morty and I go back** a ways, when I was doing rule-drags a few years ago with the Montana South Highline Squad, led by Detective Sergeant Jim McCafe. McCafe had put together a crew that sounded like a barn-burnin' bunch. There was a black, a Puerto Rican, two mestizos—one Indian, one Wasp—an Irishman, and a few other random kids. They were rough, smart, and relentless and closed out每一场 with a thud. In this iteration, Marley played the glock. McCafe took his right elbow capped in his left palm, his fingers straining his skin when dealing with baleful

steps. They watch us pass, still with the presence of the truly poor. We enter a corridor where two signs hang, one in Hebrew pointing to one direction, and the other simply across with an arrow.

Merry's office is small and contains a desk and two chairs. On the wall are two caricature portraits of Commissioners Kelly and Deputy Commissioner Kelly. Merry takes when Meyer, a pensioner of 20 years, bemoans that he personally had never bombing taken him to New York. That is where he hangs his hat, but Merry (though he doesn't sit still well) has no desire to move there. He checks the e-mail from the NYPD and FBI every two days. Many plots to take me down in my career have various endings, and in an "awful"—as they blandly label succeeded bombings have—happened, we'll go

We are first in the office of the post-commission, across from middle school girls who are probably either a collection of bewailing bellied girls or the bald-as-blue-eyes I have over seen life's police in a guarded way and is wearing a polo shirt with an NYPD logo on it. They are the ones who he doesn't trust the press, and he was surely why the bald girl might, then asks who I don't know his name, and, I say sure, bald guy is doesn't really matter and half of the fact that he looks like the kind of guy who

WITH THE GAME HEADED INTO OVERTIME, JEFF KNEW LEAVING HIS SEAT FOR A SMOKE WASN'T AN OPTION.

**THAT'S WHEN HE TURNED TO PAGE 139.**



image spurs the way you might sleep a cur-  
rently. We chat about New York and the im-  
portance of having this family face inter-  
actions on a daily basis of human interaction,  
of relationships, how much more effective it  
can be to agent in the field rather than ac-  
tions thousands of miles away being informed  
by fax and e-mail and phone. The talk turns  
to the post-9/11 problems of non-cooperation be-  
tween American agencies, considerably  
one reason behind Morty's deployment.  
The commander goes wide-eyed. He shake-  
s his head. "You have to know what's happen-  
ing with all groups. They have a responsibility to  
let people know."

I ask a question I will recall next. What

intimidates, but this time, it tells about a  
woman and her four children ambushed  
and shot dead in a car. "The woman was a  
sister, and she was eight months pregnant,  
so the attackers made sure to fire a final  
shot into her stomach, killing the fetus. It's  
a dirty war, all right." But this happened in  
the Gaza Strip, territory controlled by  
the Islamic Defense Forces, and Morty's in-  
tervention is strictly with the police who  
is the state of Israel, cop to cop. Still, that  
will ratchet up the tension level; every-  
where Morty shucks his hand. "There  
will be retaliation."

It is a long way from the streets of New  
York, but he is situated right where you  
want to be to get a fifth-  
in counterterrorism. When  
Italy decided to expand  
the NYPD's security prem-  
iere in Israel, Morty's  
task force was a natural  
choice.

As a rabbi's had growing  
up in Brooklyn, Morty  
had never dreamed of be-  
coming a cop. His Jewish  
bosses, even ones reared  
in the extremely diverse  
regions of Canaan, were  
reverent for higher ranks  
on the American ladder.  
Their mother's saw that.  
Running around the streets  
with guns, no matter or  
what side of the law, was  
left to others. But when Morty  
was only seven, his mother died of cancer, and  
she said she'd be key if her other son did not.  
Morty is probably living on Long  
Island, another second-generation,  
economic success story, trading in the Jay  
every two years, making now his many  
neighbors' arsenals few closely limited, he  
ends up attending a community college, half-sing-  
ing his way through two years of retelling  
One Day Playing basketball, he sees a  
swearing to recruit more Jews for their  
main Catholic of stature, the NYPD.  
Morty, figuring he's not cut out for office life,  
takes the test. It has either the rabbi issues  
him or an honorable profession. To succeed  
and return, he can become Morty the cop.

Tactics and strategy. Be smart. It's a  
natural skill he's born to have. As  
we get up to leave, the commander says:  
"The best intelligence in the world is no  
good unless it's accurate."



• The Nov. 11 protest in New York—immediate plan to build to no avail. Many arrived in time to see the heads of the banner lying on the floor—unusual because it was the head of a beautiful young woman

about suicide bombings in New York, or  
L.A., or at a supermarket nearby makes sense  
of Des Moines?

"You don't need more than ten minutes of  
playtime to sweep New York. It would only  
take two suicide attacks to change New  
York forever."

Des Moines? Wright. One in a department  
store and another, say, a subway to Brooklyn.  
I ask how we might prevent such a thing.

"You can't put a security guard in every doorway.  
Take some tactics and strategy from us and  
adapt them to New York."

Tactics and strategy. Be smart. It's a  
natural skill he's born to have. As  
we get up to leave, the commander says:  
"The best intelligence in the world is no  
good unless it's accurate."

**Morty's beeper** is constantly  
beeping at his side. Usually it deserves  
sightings of a quack character, possibly

Jackson's Brooklyn HQ. "I wanted the good  
reverend to see the biggest Jew in New  
York with a gun," he says. Morty's accent is  
Hebrew, and soon he is sherry-picked, as-  
signed to cases on which the language mat-  
ters too, helping look up Israeli drug  
ring and money laundering. Later during  
the war, there is a raft of Tamil rebels,  
and Morty gains minor celebrity as the  
local investigator of the Tamil Tiger Force,  
helping the arrested host. All of that led to  
success, that opens the detectives, and finally  
to the fight against terror.

When Morty showed up in Israel, there  
was no system, no structure for living that  
New Yorkers come on board. "It was heretic fast," he admits. "Nobody knew what you expect.  
I started with the simple notion of re-  
specting the host, not trapping anyone." His  
learning in Hebrew helped, and being a Jew  
did not hurt. But which sheep were the lambs  
of Islam, here he makes a point after  
warning: "I went there to see NYPD first—  
that's why I am here. It has nothing to do with  
religious politics. It has to do with keeping  
New York safe." With no precedents for his  
posting, Morty just politely kept popping up,  
developing relationships, making contacts.

Gil Kleinman is about the closest thing  
Morty has as a partner in Israel. Both Italian,  
both Jewish, and straight out of Brooklyn, Gil  
moved to Israel to serve in the army instead,  
and decided to stay and become a cop. He's  
located his way up the chain of command  
and now is the face of the Israeli police to the  
world, serving as foreign spokesman, the  
guy you see on CNN after an attack, while he's  
younger. De Mato features, sharp, intense,  
unapproachable. Over Argentinean-style, Morty  
and Kleinman trade war stories, like all cops  
short ears and noses and the locate later  
than the one with the job no matter where  
it's granted. They have the easy respect  
of guys who come from the same place.  
Kleinman makes a point of getting Morty  
access to whatever he needs.

Within three months, a very long time  
between bookings, and both men are a bit  
on edge. There are reports of explosions  
some fused with DNA-infused blood or  
with red poison, of shaker bombs. Tactics  
and strategy are always changing. Israel en-  
visions tiny credible terror weapons a day,  
and its 900 systems light up with thirty  
thousand calls a day. It's no surprise for  
the escalation to nuclear bombings, threat-  
ened pogroms and street attacks and missile  
response. "We have an evolved perception," Kleinman says.

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Look why they think there has not been a bombing lately?

They look at each other, and Morty says, "The war of ignorance has been good and it's been useful."

I ask Kleiman if he thinks we should ban cars for suicide bombings in New York. "Are you kidding? They already did. Because they strapped jumbo jets to those backs."

**It seems always** to be sunny in Israel. We sit in my tiny office, drinking the local coffee, called kaffa, which has the consistency of something that should never go after five thousand miles, but it does. Morty writes the bases go by points on which routes have been bombed. He talks about the Israeli's response, how aware and adaptive it is, how determined to keep people back. Provision is on one side of fighting terrorism, and the other is recovery. You can never stop all attacks. The Israel-studying Amira quips about bad reviews. Shoket to become your breakfast, however your hash. You like a hash? We'll have the same route running in a few hours. Fuck you.

The Israeli police and their entertainers are its constant state of flux. Once leases and bus stops become popular targets, the cops will demand a corps of security guards who bus between bus transportation. They are young, mostly male, fresh out of the army. We sit for an hour and watch this work. "This kid actually sat on his ass," Morty says. He had actually sat in his womb, a moist, cleaving liquid, half blood around the brain, and he works the half-blood around the brain, like this silly puppy trying to intercept, or at least beat down, death. The kid is innocent-moronic, angry, polite but firm when he bugs young Arabs and peaks over their bags, and does not miss a beat. Morty asks me if I want to ride a bus, which he has often done to watch the security at work. I glance down at my new map and say no thanks. I don't know where to turn the car. We hit the bus station, and the idea of flying twelve hours to die in hell does not appeal.

**Police headquarters** is in Jerusalem, a large stone structure with speckly windows on the roof. We park down the block, across from an Arab school, more blues from loudspeakers, and as the playground schoolchildren engage in a

tug-of-war. There are one million Israeli Arabs, and so in Israel as it often then. You wonder how well we might fight them in Beersheba after a few attacks in Haifa.

Morty takes us into HQ. In the lobby are some displays, instruments to dead cops and a case holding just some of the vehicles used to commit their deaths—a kind of heretical premium cooking equipment, like a James Beard cookie this, a therapept, a video cassette, paper-mache rocks. But these are remnants of a quantum war in terror attacks. As we wait for the elevator, Morty points out that it's not even poor bombs have doused in Haifa men dressed as women, and now women, brightly attired and forearm, ga gong.

Morty is popular here in headquarters. Even among the hardened Israeli police, it's

things have been quiet. Do I really want to walk through this shit? I turn to show the stuck in Morty, and he shakes his head so. He's been there, thank you. On the wall is a large poster with thousands of shades of veritas, like the ones you see in New York, with all the handicaps of firefighters gone in an instant. This poster is woefully out of date. Look at the numbers, and Kleiman has to look for a moment. Morty says, "They always say so many dead, so many injured, and people think, Oh, important two had. Well, the land of a god, you get your Transvaal signs or well a sign, or one again, or maybe all three. Injured in these bombings or mostly survived for life. I assure you that New Yorkers have to deal with this."

Kleiman has an idea. He means, and Morty and I follow him into the barrels of the

**"The kind of injured you get is you'll never talk again, or walk again, or see again, or maybe all three. Injured in these bombings is totally screwed for life."**

clerk NYE's less cachet. Most of the people who point fingers have a short or a metric life unless a point to come here too. There takes a week, to take the shit and step up to learn, to prefer facts. We pop down to the director of operations. Morty wants to share news about a series of empty vans found buried in Manhattan. It's uncertain whether this is some kind of honor day not in a morale peak, but the Israeli knows to take everything seriously. Yoram Ohana has the look of a man who might like to say something else. "You have to watch the weather. If it's raining, gauging your resources, you need to have people stationed to see if there's someone watching your first responders." This is not the last time. Many have fled to New York, where the cockpit fighters have long been known for their going-to enthusiasm. It might seem simple, but it is a major change in policy to play. Show it down a beat. Think first. Again, tactics and strategy.

We visit Kleiman's office at HQ, and he hands open a sealed thick envelope, often through a handful of pictures, and then passes them across the desk to me. It's a gallery of carnage, of the moment in all manner of death, stopped forever in mid-air, exploding, blown into the next life. At 1 flip through the stack, I'm relieved that

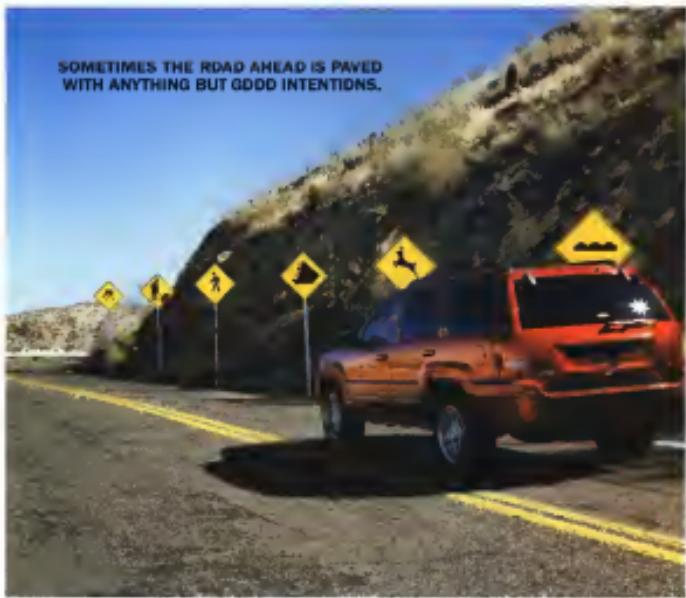
building, where the bottom bomb squad is the world makes its home. Last year it went on eighty-five thousand calls in a country of six million people. Kleiman slides through a stack of clear and return a certain comes out to get us. I'm going to be the first journalist to interview this man tomorrow. He was once to try on a confiscated machine belt.

It's a simple but well-constructed harness made of soft woven leather, hardly stitched, with a large pouch that covers my crotch and half my chest. The design is snug around and flexible in the back. To either there is no way to put this thing on without help. Inside the pouch are hundreds of half-inched cans packed tightly and sealed tight plastic. This is where the death comes from. The idea of the man claims a lot fewer victims than the fragmentation that makes a mess when the charge is let, leaving holes in bodies and ripping out chunks of bone and flesh. I take few steps, turn, and, even with the explosive removed, feel the awful weight of the thing. I hold it in my hand.

"You have just attached a bomb to the human body," Gil says. "It's the ultimate amateur bomb, because the bomber decides when it will go off."

Throughout the seventy-two virgin you are promised, it's the ultimate low-sell fact you ever heard. I can't wait to get the f\*\*\* off it.

SOMETIMES THE ROAD AHEAD IS PAVED WITH ANYTHING BUT GOOD INTENTIONS.



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## Ten Things You Don't Know About Women

By Sandra Oh



**1.** If you want to come to Asia, water does not taste the following:  
a) Tell me about your trip to Asia and how you taught English there.  
b) Tell me how much you just lost.  
c) Practice your Japanese on me. I'm Japanese.

**2.** When was I fighting about the toothpaste cap? We're not really fighting about the toothpaste cap. We're fighting about that thing that happened three or four months ago at what a millionaire's house when you neglected that major instance we have—which, by the way, is fundamental.

**3.** When can we have been of assured and when haven't I yet? And it's your turn no matter what we say make it quick.

**4.** We have an infinite vocabulary for colors. Fluorescent is not pink, nor is it red. Khaki is not green, nor is it brown. There is more than blue and green on the color wheel.

**5.** If I leave just before you're sitting around afraid of hurting us, it only makes the relationship so unbearable that we have to break up with you. We're

actually stronger than you think, so even though we may cry more than you do, just know you're not alone.

**6.** When you ask us if we're angry and we say we're fine, we're lying.

7. The one I  
can't tell you

**8.** It doesn't matter how big the bubble, how full the restaurant—the time you spent on that pencil drawing of our eye or that haiku written on the vintage hotel stationery you found in Omaha is what truly steals our hearts.

9. You know that coworker of yours with the huge boobs whom you've fantasized us having a threesome with?

**10.** So you want to know the surefire way to get laid? Start by cleaning the house.

Sandra Oh  
Schauspielerin  
The Handmaid's Tale

Many more things you  
don't know about women  
than you can imagine.

[ yellow tail ]





## What the Thunder Said

This kind of sexual obsession can't be good for anyone **BY ROD LIDDLE**

### 1. Mr. Squirrel

AT A LITTLE PINE SUNSET OVER THE LITTLE LAKE on Freshman Rye Common, no worms and fragments of mud will be summer. Down by the artificial lake kids are throwing stones at Gaudiosi girls, aiming with a crazy certainty at the white crevices on the webs of these uninvited birds. The children laugh and slink and congratulate each other when they score a direct hit—which is often, because the Cossidae greeves are lit and indolent to dodge the missiles and just float along on their rag ocean of blith, expensivest and sleek, and maddening pain. Away from the lake, menes and deus deus deus along narrow walkways stretching footfalls and soliloquies in silent corners discarded by their children—for although the passengers load up alongside the howling prove might alone, it is surprisingly warm for the time of year, for the time of day) a clear, sticky warmth which rises in bubbles from the subaqueous black bed of the lake and hangs down from the fine trees. It is October, but there is still the smell, everywhere you walk, of recently cut grass, of mangled leaves, of the shallow water of the lake and the ailing mud beyond, of anger, of the sullenness which the gardener now always grows in you when you realize that summer hasn't left yet. There are even signs of life, here and there.

It is a land of snarls, son, in the tiny clearing between the paper bushes and the do-dodlement, where, beneath undreamed deluge, Despite consciousness for a final few seconds as the blow job she is giving to Eddie liter back arches from the stomping and her black tights are balled at the knees, the day becomes scuffed and muddy. But the maddening

ring of wet consciousness, even here, the makes sure to slide her mouth right down and has not had half-chopped round her balls, all of which is a difficult operation with the rhododendron branches scraping across her shoulders and the sound, from the middle distance, of children shouting and laughing like harringtons.

But in truth she is conscious mainly of Eddie perched on her mouth—and, in a strong, dislocated sense, of the green midnight still shimmering through the trees around her—totally consumed in this act of benediction and supplication. Eddie is lowering his chin (or not mind a space for him to start, although he would rather he were standing, much prefer it, especially now in the corner with his fingers gripping the tips of his lips and abiding deeply in his back on his branches, it's like going uphill, he thinks. He knows

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bedclothes into the shaggy green leaves and say the name "Denise...". Just loud enough for her to hear. He is not sure, later, why he said it at all. Who else would it have been? What was the point of that? Did he think it was someone else?

Looking up at the mention of her name, her mouth gleaming a little, she slides her hair free of the twists and pinches and, grabbing him by the shoulders, brings her slicking body down to hers. Perversely, you might think, she likes that shack, sticky, glutinous glaze on the back of her throat and more even than that, the pressure of a male body close to her own. One of convenience and exhaustion as they lie up with either a belated strength to confer some emotional commitment upon that hasty convened event, and then Denise grasps with shack and pulls away, something moved in the salt-green nightlight just a few inches behind. Eddie's ear registers her sudden disquiet, his face turns to glass, quickly cupping his eye. Two brown eyes stare out of him from the lower branch of a low tree. Eddie is perplexed by how close the eyes are so curiously close together.

And then suddenly the eyes are gone, with a ghostly rustling and the slightest disturbance in the roundness of their heads. Denise laughs in relief. "Come on, Mr Separated."

Eddie doesn't laugh, but he is pleased; he sinks back again, a juniper bush, full of dust and nonchalance. "I thought for a moment it was...," he has voice tired off and he slumps his head. "He squared in gear, and in front of him, because he was lying there in need with my hand between his legs, his white cotton shorts bunched up around his thighs. Eddie feels apalled. He usuals jumps better and freshly disturbed sand and her under-boots and constrictive jeans, and a thin film of names envelope him. "Well, never go, Julie..."

Again, he can't finish the sentence. He rises with difficulty to a stoop above her and brushes the dirt from his black jeans. He closes his eyes and tries, for a nameless, no good, to get rid of the one there.

From the south, somewhere beyond Rockingham, there comes a low, flat murmur of thunder.

Eddie shuffles his head and grasps for the right words. "This is a curse," he says, watching her truck herself dramatically

and without conviction, as the green sunlight around them fails to burn incense.

The girl's hand stays and straightens her skirt, her eyes wide with worry. "Yes, well, it's a curse you didn't take that view though, I'm sure you didn't like that view though," she says, "and stop me."

"Well, obviously I wouldn't even if I wanted to. That's what's a curse."

"You are from when exactly?" Eddie shakes his head. "I don't know." He smiles. "I only know that our curse is a curse."

"No, Eddie, it was just a few jobs. You've had plenty of those before."

Denise sniffs with irritation and patches her backside from twigs and caked mud, still leaving behind the perfume of sand and the juniper bush. The last of the sunlight flickers across her face like a slow distant lightning. She lies forward and kisses his neck. Eddie's muscles beneath suffice with resistance.

"None," she says to him as a moderate

like a spiritual emanation rather than a person—notes Eddie and Denise climbing out of the foliage that they regular nothing, nor even a pipebowl or cigarette, and just continue their slow walk toward the lake.

Julie was left to buy three ice creams whilst Eddie and Denise, as Eddie puts it, "take in the now rare tranquillity" by the lake. Eddie regards his wife from a distance, sitting on a grass bank just down from the Whiggs, just sitting there waiting with that perpetually preoccupied look on her face as the comments make a moan each of her words. The quilted leather armrests were at absurd rest, Eddie thinks, transparent dimensions. Except that these days, two months earlier after all, every rose seems unashamedly improved and ludicrously analyses in ordinary weather even the faintest whiff of suspicion from the spared petals.

Julie looks up and grows as they draw

**He feels melodramatic having described their affair as a curse. He almost always feels stupid beside her and, in some way, at a disadvantage.**

wage whispers, "let's see if your little wifey managed to locate the ice-creams even."

### 2. The Radged Fucko

THEY CLAMPS THROUGH THE bushes and slamp over the low, big stone and walk together down past the boating punt to the park entrance, the lavender-pink sky darkening above them.

He thinks about coming in her mouth and wondering if her mouth can be heroically whited out in time. It is, after all, only a mouth but when she lets down to encompass his back there evolution creeps alongside, he had to hold back even then, he hasn't known such a disagreeable he was aware once peacock. He cannot explain why this should be so, the composition of all the dove and the reticence of it.

He feels foolish and melodramatic having described their affair in a curse, especially, like drunksomeness, boasting his tongue. He almost always feels stupid beside her and, in some undiluted way, a disowning. There is no reason why this should be so, he thinks.

An elderly couple, both wrapped up in thick coats, squatting on a long grey chair—the man springing a breeze and shaking growth upon his nose which makes him look

ever attempting to break away a strand of her pale-brown hair with her own as a light wren ruffles the trees behind her. She holds out one of the ice creams, desperate to be rid of that the thick bright yellow of the frozen custard custard making Eddie's stomach heave and his scrotis emerge like a fine fibrous mass.

"Fuck your van," she shouts. "Quick, take these, they're melting everywhere..." and stands up to leave them.

With exaggerated strides they ride the cones from her and walk together along the terrace path, toward the exit of the park and Berry Road. Denise has got a spirit of defiance in her as she walks, she is full of confidence, she waits until Julie is looking in another direction and then follows the ice cream for Eddie's benefit, circling it all around her mouth and letting the thick melted goodness down her chin.

There's another low rumble of thunder in the sky to the south, a faint murmur of complaint from beyond the edge of their sight. The wind brushes across the playingfields in front of them.

Julie looks away from Eddie sharply but cannot keep the impulsion of excitement going after each kick. It runs up and makes his shoulders quiver and his lips become

**GAN**



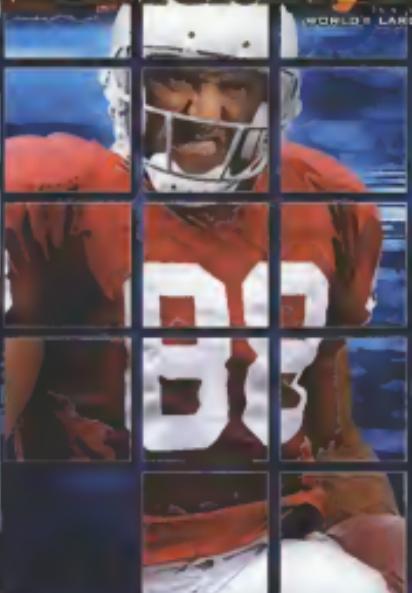


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prescribed. He is holding Julie's hand, but every time he looks at her, she looks away and she looks like she's eating ice cream lazily or she's eating spaghetti with her eyes closed in mock enjoyment. Eddie thinks she's being cheap and dangerous and, what's more, meeting her in some way, but he can't stop watching her eat the horrible ice cream.

Then she turns, bows her skin out from behind and the first drop of tears bursts upon her blouse. Ahead of those three croissants from the green and gold delicatessen toward the lone trout.

Julie is not saying much. Eddie wonders what's wrong with her; perhaps he's found our weakness, he thinks. That's what he always thinks, no matter what the situation, no matter how extraordinary it would be if she were somehow suddenly to loose.

And although this worry should make him circumspect and cautious, he instead deep-checks a pair, lightly touches the hem of Julie's jacket, and whispers in her ear, "I want you again."

Julie glances over quickly to see if Julie has heard that and what part he's had, with a degree more disarray, with discretion and irony: "I thought it was a car?"

"That doesn't make me want you less," Julie's now walking slightly ahead of them, having thrown the remains of their croissants into a metal rubbish bin. She turns back and seems about to speak when she catches sight of the light-brown tint of the front of the sunless skirt.

"What happened to you, Mum?" she asks, sniffing.

Julie says nothing by way of reply because she doesn't understand what Julie is referring to. Eddie gets it though. He has been watching his wife, watching and worrying, staff clearing and rearranging, arranging and making and fixing for cleaning at his son's school.

"Your mother fell," Eddie says with a smile. "She's not having her first anymore, it would seem."

Julie notices that word edge in his voice, which she begins to notice more and more often than days. She thinks it must be an aggression and tension. When they first married, Eddie was sulky and irritable whenever Julie insisted upon a visit to their in-laws. He digressed in the amount of time Julie spent with her parents, a seemed natural and an imposition on their relationship. All Julie above one eye is still coming blood.

**Eddie wonders what's wrong with her, perhaps she's found out somehow, he thinks. This is what he always thinks, no matter what the situation.**

With the occasional even droplet of water which will, soon enough, lead to a dangerous Eddie in weeping later that night and very pleased with the weather it will be to a good night to make some money. He ignores the guttural cough of the car radio going, her very smooth job, something which in earlier times travelling miles - Brussels, Cardiff, Prague - to pick up a couple of girls might be bad for the night and who-when-here and make her feel sick and then tip generously.

A little ahead of them, on Every Road, there has old rearranging and rearranging the present, the unprofessionally compartmented or poorly-willed holds. He is either very passed, or dying, or both.

At a third-level crossroads, approaching Julie's car, he turns round and continues there, grinning: "Well... what do you think of the show so far?" he says, semi-entertained, as presenting something magnificent to them.

He is unshaven and his teeth are totally fucked, amber casting of blackened. His trousers are grimy-encrusted, a challenge of dirtiness and ingrained filth, and his regard overgrown is held together with what look like encrusted teeth. His hair is entangled and plastered over looking a head. A cut above one eye is still coming blood.

He stands there, gazing in front of them, sort of confused but too old and too shocked out to be much of a threat, really. Then the girls disappear and he looks from one to another of them as they try to pass by on the pavement. Eddie shuffles them all along and strengthens, at first, to ignore the men.

"Hey!" the rugged fuckin' alien says when. "I'll tell you what I think. I think it's afflacking nobobs from fucking makin'."

This is a let-off aggression the soldiers understand and nations of chivalry. He tells Denise and Julie to go on ahead while he turns back to remonstrate with the drunk.

"You want to watch your fucking mouth, man, shouting at women like that," he says to the fucko, sternly.

The fucko straightens himself up and gives a broad smile, "Development," he says, quietly to Eddie.

"What did you say?" says Eddie. "Development? Development?" says the fucko and spreads his arms wide open. And then, giving nose-spout from Eddie, he shouts once more, for emphasis, "De-velopment!"

"Just watch your mouth, man," mutters Eddie, disarmed.

"It's about development," says the fucko again, and then starts locking tree very hard. Eddie isn't sure what to do. He stands and watches him for what, laying in to the tree and still saying "Development."

"Development?" screams the fucko, as pieces of bark fly up around him. "Development!"

"You mad man," says Eddie and with a sharp snap watching the fucko and in stand before his wife and maximize

### 3. The Alligator

**THE THUNDER MATES** the window shoulder outside the TV flicker in time with the lightning. They sit in Denise's front room drinking beer and watching a quiet storm. Denise has her hair tied back with a blue ribbon, she's lying slouched on the floor; her back up against the sofa, drinking straight from the can. She should see her fucking age, he thinks, suddenly (continued on page 212)



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# THE PHOTO ISSUE



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE

"I can be whatever you want me to be," Ms. Bündchen was saying. "If you want me to be the sexy girl, I can do that. If you want me to be the weird girl, I can do that. And if you want me to be the classically beautiful girl, I can do that, too." Over the course of the next seventy-two pages, we let photographs do most of the talking. Scores of photos by some of America's great photographers. Their subject is photography's greatest subject: people. (And sometimes dogs.) People not being what we want them to be, but revealing themselves for what they are.

Whatever you want  
me to be, Tammy.  
The year-old Brazil-  
ian model  
Gisele Bündchen  
makes her film debut  
in *Death in Taxid*,  
then comes  
along a ring of leggy  
bank robbers.



Seven visionary  
photographers  
on what's  
defining us now

# AMERICA

Untitled, 2004



## Tina Barney

(FOURTH OF JULY, NEW ENGLAND, 2004)

I have been photographing the Fourth of July events in this New England town since I first moved here in 1986. I'm quite sure that I continue to photograph this very same event over and over to somehow find the perfect photograph that might best capture this annual visual feast, which scatters across a piece of film in such a way to be a pattern very close to a fireworks display, replacing sparks with flags, balloons, crepe paper, bunting, T-shirts, and baby carriages. To somehow find that innumerable choices represented phenominal in a perfect American place and its people on the most American day. ■



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## Martin Parr

(TOURISTS AT GROUND ZERO, NEW YORK CITY)

We all know the world changed after 9/11. I hadn't been to Ground Zero since about six weeks after. It was very different then. I was curious, so I just went down to have a look. The crowd was predominantly American, and they were very, very emotional. There is something ironic, though, that this most tragic event and this most hallowed ground is now a tourist site, offering a wide range of souvenirs. I wanted to examine this through photography and even ended up collecting some of the more interesting examples. ■



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**Mary Ellen Mark**  
(CELEBRITY-IMPERSONATORS  
CONVENTION, LAS VEGAS)

The Imperial Palace Hotel in Las Vegas has made a reputation by having floor show performers and casino dealers who look exactly like celebrities. So the Imperial Palace was the perfect place for a celebrity look-alike convention. ¶ The first night of the convention was surreal. I caught either the bus that was taking impersonators to a party on a nearby building, a myriad of famous-looking people appeared at the bus stop—"Barbie" DeBono ("Rodney Dangerfield"), "Whoopi Goldberg" as Gomer. At first it's like an encounter because I don't look like anybody except myself. But when they heard I was from *Esquire*, I was suddenly treated like a celebrity. ¶ The next two days were filled with events: "Cher," "Jack Palance," "Prince," "Michael Jackson," "Ute Moulton," and many others attended lectures, met agents, learned cosmetic tips, had brunch, went sunbathing (lipstick applied), "Prince" getting ready for an event in his bubble bath. ¶ The high point of the weekend was a talent showcase featuring "Marilyn Monroe," aka "Elvis Presley"; "Manda Tsuen," "Candy O'Brien," and others. Later in the day, a very arrogant "George W. Bush" arrived. We got a very long, written photograph session with "Candy O'Brien" who was making fun of him. ¶ Later that evening, "Shania Twain" and "Anjelica Schwaarzenegger" got married. "George W. Bush" was one of the best men. ■

John Allen as  
Brian Connery  
Leslie Vaneiro as Cher,  
and Jack Arneson as  
Jack Palance

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# Mary Ellen Mark



Left: Don Rugg as  
Davy Goliath  
Below: Richard DeLeonard  
Bottom Left: David and  
Kris Christensen as  
Conan O'Brien



Right: Joseph  
Manuel as Peter  
de Wet; Peter Allen  
Coronel as Prince





## Bruce Davidson

(KATZ'S DELICATESSEN, NEW YORK CITY)

Of peace and passion. Katz's Delicatessen has been on the corner of Houston and Mulberry streets in the heart of New York's historic immigrant Lower East Side since 1888. On the ceiling are signs that read "Send a Salami 12 years ago" or "We have been here since the Second World War." All the tables you can find within, an energetic,of-latin-American-sunrise who is taking Yiddish language seriously. He says, "It is expressive language that can be understood by many of my senior citizens." The room accommodates more than three hundred customers at its tables all day, every day, and well into the night. Katz's serves filling tons of passover every year and has survived Jewish-Nazi, New-American-president—Franklin Roosevelt, Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter, and Bill Clinton. It is truly a democratic space where the culture is insect-eater and political activist. A collage of people from all over the country and from the far corners of the world come to devour Katz's more than generous portions of bagel-pasta, "Reuben," skewered pastrami, corned beef, and brisket sandwiches, to say nothing about the various styles of salad or以色列 mother-made-to-order meatball soup, goulash, knishes, and latkes (stuffed potato). One day there is distinguished, elderly Puerto Rican couple who have just finished a meal and wine something in the cashier line. They told me they had lived in the community in a walk-up tenement for forty years (but had recently won a lottery pickup) and moved to a nice house in New Jersey. Still, they often come back to Katz's, to their old neighborhood and their favorite deli. If you're having a pastrami sandwich held between two pieces of thin rye bread seems to be in a transcendental state of mind and are happy like Buddha. In fact, for me, it is a living monument to peace, equality, and freedom. In a world of indiscriminate violence, the beauty of generalization, and the loss of cultural identity, the taste of a hot pastrami sandwich can put us, for a moment, at peace with ourselves and with our neighbors. ■

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## Eugene Richards

(DR. PAUL SCOTT AND HIS WIFE, JANICE, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA)

I first met Paul Scott in 1975. I'd dropped by his office in a coffee shop in the farming town of Auburn, Nebraska, when some old men carried me over to their table. All of them were farmers but for a retired physician and Dr. Scott, who introduced himself with a grin as "every under-50's best friend." It surely wasn't Doc Scott's looks that first drew me to him. He was fratri-looking, bony, with slightly stooping shoulders, while the other men at the table were large and sturdy. It might have been the way he offered his complete attention to whoever was speaking. Whatever the reason, I seemed what everyone else around the table had to have already known—that this even-ago someone special. The next morning, I followed the eighty-year-old country doctor on rounds. In and out of patient rooms at the local nursing home where he served as medical director. Then I realized after hours alone, still roads, visiting men in tow who were too ill to travel to his home office or were simply too weak in need of some company. Dr. Scott is now eighty-nine years old and frailly, quite suddenly, failing. His wife, Carol, is gone. Five years ago, even though he had lost his beloved younger daughter, Carol, to leukemia, he somehow continued to do the work he loved. And he continued on, even as younger colleagues retired, even as he was losing a steady stream of friends; he's now the single surviving member of his medical-school class. Still, it wasn't until every year after Janice, his wife of sixty years, took a terrible fall and nearly died in surgery, that his whole world changed. His wife's illness weighed on him. Dr. Scott relied on medicine. He now spends his days at the Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital in Lincoln, arriving no later than 8:30 a.m. and leaving no earlier than 10:30 p.m. He pushes his wife's wheelchair down the long, linoleum hallway, helping her when she needs help sitting, and otherwise watching over her. Just before lights-out, Janice and Paul inevitably talk about their dream of returning to live out their lives in Auburn. Then, as often as not, fearful that Janice might awake during the night and not find him there, Paul falls asleep in the armchair by her bed. ■



## Joel Meyerowitz

(FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY)

Fifth Avenue was the first place I went when I began making photographs. It's where I learned how to see and how to become invisible in the crowd, and it's where my consciousness about photography's possibilities developed. It also taught me about humanity in ways subtle and broad and, more important, how much I love such life. I've always thought of Fifth Avenue as my street. Its broad beat even here is like nowhere else in America. The daily drama of unexpected coincidences—the easy interplay of all those people passing with such intimacy, the social interplay of the have-and-haves—all of it becomes like the pulse that wakes me up when I enter its flowing stream. It's the first place I go when I return from any trip I've made; its energy is unceasing and uplifting. Just to walk down Fifth, with the sun glinting off the buildings and sparkling on the pavement, even now, after 9/11, still fills me with hope and optimism. ■





## Christopher Anderson (LAKWOOD CHURCH, HOUSTON)

I grew up in Texas. My father was a preacher at a big church in Abilene. So Lakewood Church ("An Oasis of Love") is my church in northeast Houston. It's something like home to me. Lakewood is non-denominational. Holds eighty-five hundred worshippers, offers a Saturday evening service, and has just added a third service on Sunday to accommodate the faithful of southeast Texas. In fact, the spiritual needs are such that Joel Osteen, the young, charismatic pastor, has emerged from service to move his flock to the Campus Center in downtown Houston, where the Houston Rockets used to play basketball. The new church will hold more than sixteen thousand. And this-area megachurches, medium-sized churches, are not uncommon in this part of the country. Lakewood's congregation is huge and diverse and looks like America. In that it's so readily viewed as a church goes. Services are tailored around the world; the production is as slick as Broadway; the music is fantastic and totally involving, and the message is always positive ("God wants you to exceed beyond your wildest dreams"). In October, Pastor Osteen will take on the road again, this time to a packed house at Madison Square Garden in New York City. ■



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# Arny [What I've Learned] Freytag

*Playboy*  
photographer,  
54, Los Angeles

I've lost count. More than a hundred cemeteries. It's not about the made up anymore. It was when I was twenty-five. But hopefully if I've evolved beyond that... I mean, you don't want to be fifty-four years old and looking up girl's skirts, do you? Cemeteries have taught me patience and tenacity.

If they were innocents, they wouldn't be in here with their clothes off.

I remember the first Playboy I looked at. I was fourteen. 1964. At the time, I wasn't the most moralistic person. I think I had a somewhat traditional

**Hg parents** were religious. At first, they were concerned about my choice, and they went to talk about it with the minister. He reassured their worries like this: "There's nothing wrong with the naked body God created that." As time went by, they even started to enjoy Hg's parties.

Architects were trying to cover Errors. We use clothes

Once a year, you'll get your software download.

**What question is being asked?** Each record highlights one single, shadowy or the other. Right or wrong, it's all I know. Right.

Techniques used to be observational and now are based in field. Translates environmental

ICs in different domains, choosing a target. Most of them are quite close, but there's always a little bit of a gap.

and the following sections, we will discuss the

**Shooting a censored** is a phone house taught Standardized in an airplane bathroom too.  
Every guy has a stereotyped fantasy  
First thing I look at is the face. Always the face. She's gotta be pretty. Without pretty, I don't care how good the body is. Her rules

They sang the most beautiful women in the world are from Reykjavik. But we spent a month in Ireland, and we had a very hard time getting girls. The women there will dance on the bar with no clothes on when everybody's drunk, but they didn't want to be seen nude in a restroom. That was it. 'I think we're a very small country. Everybody knows us.'

**English classes** are prudish. Their society isn't so open-minded. Their weather is terrible.  
**The Japanese** have a very rigid culture, but what you see on top is not what you see underneath. There are subway cars filled out in Tokyo filled with girls wearing schoolgirl uniforms. They're dressed up in little skirts, with book bags on their shoulders. The train moves like it's a real train, and the girls with a friend and talk up the girls. This is real problem on the Tokyo subways, with many students doing this because they're desperate to find a date and feel up the girls.

I'm not sure why they really in Thailand.

You put Current Elec-

**Married?** I don't know. Playing/learning. Didn't work out. It's very difficult for a woman to be in a relationship with someone who sees nude women every day. If the role was turned, I'd have a hard time with it, I understand.

**How did I get started? When I was young, I started painting my cosplayers as girls and discovered that, just, they really like this. Once I figured that one out ...**

It takes fine-duty to effect a counterfactual. One-crunched-up fact will ruin the picture.

**My husband**, Chuck, is the most patient guy I've ever met. I asked him, "How did you learn to be so patient?" He said, "I grew up with four sisters."

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I have a lot to say about the interesting why whos, and you already have plenty to say so I'll just leave it at that.

I've had a lot to say for women. I truly do. People think that because I shoot them made, I don't. But it's just the opposite. Remember, they came to me. All they did was a great part of their lives. Never once have I heard anyone say she regretted it. Is the last thing I want to see the end of a hard day of work a naked woman? Well, I wouldn't say that. -M





*My self-portrait*

## HIDEOUSLY INVASIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

WE GAVE CAMERAS  
TO FIVE CELEBRITIES  
AND ASSIGNED THEM  
TO SHOOT THEM-  
SELVES—AND THE  
THINGS THAT MAKE  
THEM HAPPY, HORNY,  
ANGRY, AMUSED...



*Something that makes me laugh*



*Something I can't live without*

### AVRIL LAVIGNE SINGER-SONGWRITER

OUR PROVIDED DASH OF THE  
FAMOUS AND FABULOUS (BY WAY OF  
A DIGITAL CHANNEL)



*Something I'd give in my personal time capsule*



*My self-portrait*

ROBERT SMITH  
LEAD SINGER THE CURE



*Something I can't  
live without*



*Something I'd put in my personal time capsule*



*Me on right. A person I love. Photo by Everything we've done. photo by longpig*

My self-portrait



**ALICIA KEYS**  
SINGER-SONGWRITER

Something that makes me happy



Something that makes me happy  
Above something I can't live without



HOLY BIBLE  
New International Version

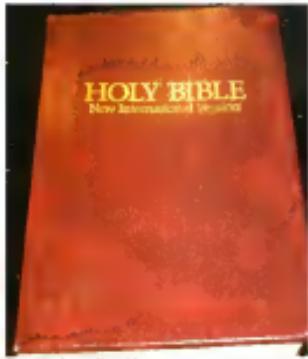
**TERRY BRADSHAW**  
HALL OF FAME QUARTERBACK, COHOST FOR NFL SUNDAY



Something that makes me happy



Something that makes me happy



Something that makes me happy



Something that makes me happy



**KEVIN SMITH**  
WRITER-DIRECTOR

Pete is me. I was gonna go up to a make-out place in front of the mirror, strategically placing the camera in front of my excuses for my manhood, but my wife walked in and caught me, and I spent the better part of the day updating my entire dress, you get this photo.



I don't always allow all gallery  
Lads that my Wifey loves, we  
have another one named Zoofly  
he is a dog with many talents  
Call me a simple man, but it  
makes me laugh



This is my daughter, Harley. I love her  
more than peanut butter and jelly. And  
I fucking worship the fuck outta her. And  
she is probably the most beautiful



This is my wife  
She is a domestic  
genius. Smoke  
Almond in hand,  
off a cigarette, while it  
will not smoke  
and it's a masterpiece.  
When I say her  
I like this, it makes  
me want to kiss her  
which is probably  
why, despite the fact  
that she has roughly  
70 percent of the day



This is my closest friend, Terry Bradshaw, watching Ben  
Kleck around with someone else. So for a picture of  
something that makes me happy, I asked our friend  
Bryan to pretend to make out with her. At least, I  
think they're pretending



This is my wife while she gets wet. Just when she gets wet, I get having it



## THE ESQUIRE PHOTOS OF DIANE ARBUS

From 1960 to 1971, Diane Arbus shot some of the most memorable magazine photographs of her time

Norman Mailer once said — after Diane Arbus photographed him — that “giving a camera to Diane Arbus is like putting a live grenade in the hands of a child.” The following six pictures were among more than thirty she detonated in *Esquire* in the 1960s. This was the first magazine to publish her work — in July 1960 — and also one of the last, her final photographs in our pages appearing only a month before she committed suicide with a razor blade in July 1971, at age forty-eight. “Diane Arbus Revelations,” the first international museum retrospective of her work in more than thirty years, opens at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York on March 8.





Retired man and his wife at home in a nuclear camp in New Jersey. 1983. From "Voyage on the Nuclear Camp," an unpublished assignment for Esquire.



The King and Queen of a senior citizens' colony in New York. From "The Last of Life," Esquire, May 1982



Top: Marguerite Duras; from "Lee Gruenberg's Letters to His Mother" (with permission by Mrs. Gruenberg); "Rue Sainte-Croix," May 1964. Above: Jeanne Moreau, actress, with her daughter Jeanne Moreau, from "Familial Collage," Rue Sainte-Croix, July 2002. Right: A family of three in Beaufort, South Carolina, are gathered from "Let Us Now Praise Dr. Gatch," Rue Sainte-Croix, June 1988.



# How To:

By CHUCK CLOSE

## Take a Self-Portrait

**STEP 1: KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING.** Instead of using a mirror, you can hang a reflector over the lens so that you can see indirectly at and also see yourself. Capturing your most interesting moments.

**STEP 2: ADAPT WHAT YOU'VE GOT.** You can crop a shot and make it into what you want with by changing the lighting, framing or pose. You can turn it up by what you're wearing or what you're doing or whatever is in the background. Or you can turn it down by digital means like the same thing again on one side. See what you like or don't like and respond—the best stuff out.

**STEP 3: THE BIGGEST HELL WILL COME FROM YOURSELF.** It's a kind of self-experience. Just like any form of art, there's a certain amount of self-expression. And the artist and spectators can be extremely uninteresting subjects. Sometimes a person's rest touches one side of the frame and his ponytail touches the other. It's just hours that you're the organizer. I do all of the posing in front of the camera and I never sing.

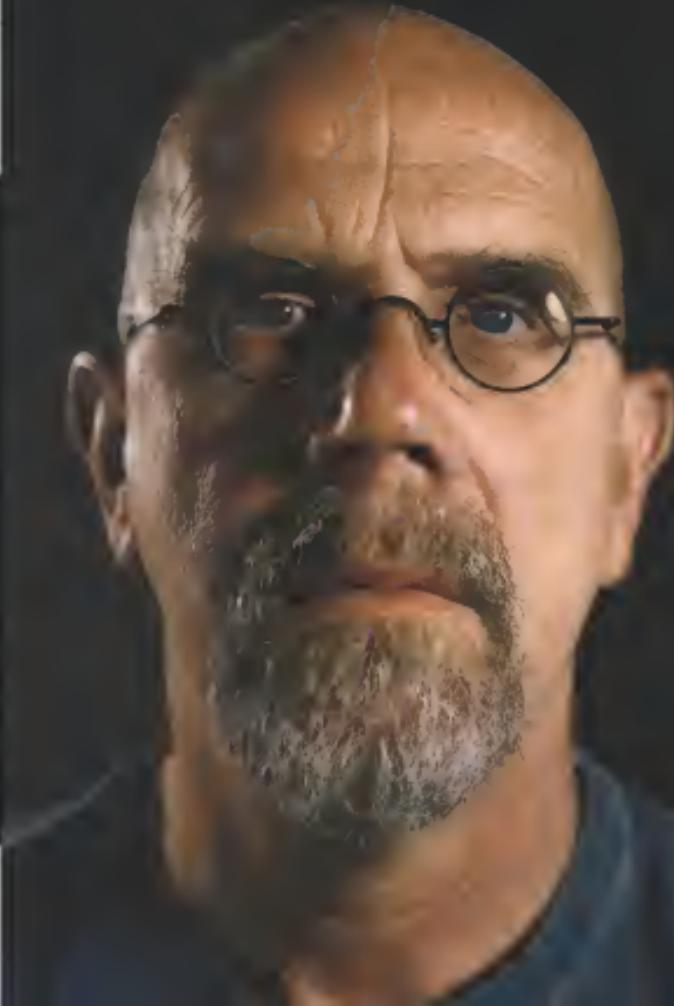
**STEP 4: PAY ATTENTION TO YOURSELF.** For example, I always put the head to one side whenever I sit. It isn't an automatic reaction, but it's something that's become part of my habit. And when I'm sitting and spectators can be extremely uninteresting subjects. Sometimes a person's rest touches one side of the frame and his ponytail touches the other. It's just hours that you're the organizer. I do all of the posing in front of the camera and I never sing.

**STEP 5: PLAY WITH LIGHTING.** Use a combination of studio lighting, lights from behind and a window. You can have a window on one side and a light on another on one side or just either with some back light and some light reflected around the sides. That is to keep things more interesting. Flat and bright is more definition.

—Associate REBECCA HALLIWELL  
Photographer by CHUCK CLOSE



• *The complete self-portrait using the 8x10 Hasselblad camera*





**Rod Gerlach,**  
46, paper mill maintenance worker, Green Bay, Wisconsin 2000 vote: Bush  
[Brown County, Wisconsin] Wisconsin was very close in 2000 [there by G.O. pointed, but with Kerrings running off in the Democratic strongholds of Milwaukee and Madison, Bush will need to keep them more conservative though economically supporting Green Bay, avoiding a large margin losing the state.]

# The 7 People Who Will Elect the President

## At this point, who's undecided?

Of the approximately 160 million registered voters in America . . . probably less than six million who are likely to vote. And maybe less than 2.5 million who actually live in the seven or so closely contested states where their votes

will make a difference. Many of those states will be decided by what happens in a few counties.

Working closely with pollsters, academics, and local reporters, we identified seven of those tipping-point counties in tipping-point states,

and in them we found seven voters typical of the kinds of people the parties think are up for grabs there. These are the ones. In one sense, they are merely representative, but in another sense, given how few voters are left to persuade in any critical precinct in any critical state—these are the ones

WE'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT THE SWING VOTE. SO WE WENT OUT AND FOUND IT.

Photographs by  
ANDREW HETHERINGTON



A lot of people at the mill go to Disney World for vacation. We went right after 9/11, and my wife and daughter were just falling all over themselves because it was so empty. Around town, I hear more talk from Republicans than Democrats. For many, no matter what a Republican says, he's right. Okay, perhaps Republicans are a little more right than the others. Six months ago, I would have voted for President Bush, but now I'm not so sure. I was all for the war, but I thought there would be a clear plan. You believe what the government is telling you. Perhaps I was naive. Then again, I'm not so sure Kerrigan is the answer. I'm scared of changing leaders before things are done.

## Victoria Dryden,

31, homemaker, Richmond Heights, Missouri. 2000 vote: Gore

[St. Louis County, Missouri] Once solidly Republicans, the sprawling suburbs have voted Democratic, as affluent whites have left and African Americans have moved in. Estimates are that Kerry must win here by 5 points to take the state. Bush hopes to counter by convincing moderate Catholics to vote their values.



**Mike's mother lives across the street** from us in the house in which he grew up. And we have a Catholic school just six doors down, where Mike went and where our children go now. It's weird because the neighborhood feels like it's a mix of the 1960s, which can make it hard because Mike and I tend to be a lot less conservative on some issues than other folks. I'm not a big fan of Bush at all, and I'm not a big supporter of the war. But he did give us some relief, and we got the child tax credit, which was very nice. It's not enough to make me want to work for him, but it's the same with Remy. A lot of that is just gut feeling. And my gut feeling right now is not great on either of them.

## Timothy Gulley,

39, defense contractor, Columbus, Ohio. 2000 vote: Gore

[Franklin County, Ohio] Gore lost Ohio by 1 percentage point to Bush through conservative Democrats and independents in the central and southeastern parts of the state. Now I'm looking to see if those voters think that he's conservative enough—Gore isn't. Christian—could provide the fate of the state.



**We get the gardening from my father.** He was in the military, like my brother. So while I don't necessarily believe in the rationale of armchair warriors, I do know that we've been giving Bush a hard time in terms of the 9/11 Commission and the transfer of power, and I think it's valid. But I'm not a fan of the war in Iraq. But I'm concerned about changing during wartime. Kerry would have to learn from scratch. When my brother left to serve in Iraq, we sent him off with a big family gathering at my house. We e-mail each other all the time. Puzzler of fact, I just got an e-mail from him the other day wondering if everybody's taking care of his grass at home.

**Pam Ronca-Shumskas,**  
36, advertising designer, Lahaska, Pennsylvania 2000 voter: Bush

**Bucks County, Pennsylvania** Historically, Philadelphia's northern suburbs have voted Republican, but as Democratic strength in Philly and Pittsburgh,frican influx of immigrants and middle-class families has shifted the conservative swing, Bucks could help decide the state. As it did for Gore in 2000.



**We've got quite a houseful:** three dogs, three cats, and two kids. Peter is five, and the baby, Isabelle, is sixteen months. When I tell people that I'm unemployed, they almost always shoot back in disbelief, "You haven't decided?" I'm suspicious nothing will change. My husband and I are both self-employed, so the economy comes first. But it's hard to say that national security is second. I find myself questioning whether I trust Bush more than the war. But I don't think Kerry is really telling me anything. It's all spin. In the last few years, voting has felt like deciding between the better of two evils, and I these feeling that way. The last time I liked a candidate, I voted for Perot.

**David Torrez,**  
41, auto mechanic, Albuquerque, New Mexico 2000 voter: Bush

**Bernalillo County, New Mexico** 3 Justice of the peace registered as Republicans, the polling station's Bernalillo County residents tend to lean conservative on military and family issues, along with the political creativity in a state that went to Gore by 365 votes in 2000.



**I used to work in the uranium mines** in a town called Grants, and I started hunting when I lived over there. Now I go out to fish now and then, about once a year. My grandsons come. He's gone since he was young and stays in camp with my wife. The biggest of them is 14; she's about to have health care for him now because he's sick. My wife's disabled. She had a stroke. And then my son who lives with me, he has asthma. And I'm a diabetic, and I take a bunch of pills myself. The price of drugs and waiting the doctor just keep going up. I'd like to see a different president with different ideas, but I don't know that Kerry's the one. I don't want to go from bad to worse.

## Lori Willits,

39, office manager, Aloha, Oregon 2000 voter: did not vote

[Washington County, Oregon] Despite a large Republican registration advantage, a Democrat won (Washington County, Oregon) helped him [Romney] win the state [in 2000]. This year, the Republicans' advantage or the Hispanic contribution is also in doubt.



I'm kinda scared. I like Bush, only he's such a liar to me. I don't trust him. I don't like how they were talking about MD and there were none found. And I think the war was all planned, even before 9/11. But I don't really want to change when we are right in the middle of a war. Plus, just because Kimmy was in the service doesn't mean that he knows what to do once in office. It's just a scary situation for me. My husband works for the Army, and the people that he talks to said the draft's coming, and it's coming in the spring. Our son just turned sixteen. He's a lineman, trying to make it to varsity. And I'm just afraid for my son because he's the ripe age

## Luis Mercado,

38, marketing director and journalist, Orlando, Florida 2000 voter: Gore

[Orange County, Florida] Once a republican stronghold, Florida has seen an influx of young families and immigrants that has changed its predictability. A growing population of Puerto Rican descendants helped Bush carry the state. Now given their large group, John McCain can count on Florida for a victory.



I love to be in my backyard. When I lived in Puerto Rico, I herded the water. Now, I just love it. On Saturday, I go to my backyard, swim, bike in our barbecue. Latino both candidates have been great for us, especially helping to unite the Hispanic community. But for me, they're both just alike. There's no substance. I just don't believe in Kerry. It's the same with Bush, but at least he's a leader. He's got guts. He's the Democratic platform, but I'm not so sure about Kerry. He's a little bit weak for me. He's the opposite with Jeb Bush. He speaks Spanish well. He understands the needs of the Hispanic community. He is always, always tries to take care of us.

# How To:

By ELLIOTT ERWITT

## Photograph Your Dog

**STEP 1: PICK THE RIGHT SUBJECT**  
Some dogs are built just to pose—  
great if they're static. You have  
to work harder to get others  
out of their shells. If you're  
lucky, your dog may be  
eager to please or fight your  
proposal. Fortunately, your dog is  
not too stark or tight; they're  
photographed like people.

**STEP 2: KEEP YOUR PETS DOWN**  
Finally, the temperament of dogs  
are in control, and that's where  
it gets to the dog. Find your dog  
moment of stillness being a dog  
where he is relaxed, not peeing.

**STEP 3: MARRY YOUR INTENTIONS**  
**GUARANTEE** Communicate with your  
subject to your subject. There are  
all kinds of tricks. You can do as  
dogs; you can talk to them; or  
you can say, "Crazier available,"  
and they'll come. Also, dogs are very  
superstitious creatures. You must  
promise—anything to get their  
attention.

**STEP 4: GET DOWN**  
Take the photo at the animal's  
level. Instead of the animal, it  
seems like a person. At the animal's  
eye level, it's the animal's  
photographer. This creates a much  
different angle than the eye level,  
so it's the same with dogs.

**STEP 5: DON'T SQUEEZE**  
Get close to them. Most amateurs  
take pictures from a distance.  
Aye, go closer. Since many  
photographers aren't  
good, getting closer instead gives  
you a big picture. And that's  
interesting enough in itself.

—An adage by PETER MARTIN  
Photographs by ELLIOTT ERWITT



• A selection of Erwitt's  
pet photography. This  
page includes four top  
shots: 2188 Ryrie 2003  
England 2186 New York  
City 1974 Square page  
bottom 2186



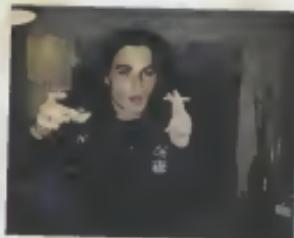
7/2/67  
John Waters *Sug-Portrait*

## >>> Excerpts from the JOHN WATERS Project

Director John Waters has photographed everyone who has come to his house. EVER.



6/19/85 *hitch-hiking  
Aladdin's Wreck tips to leave*



2/19/02 *A night out*  
Johnny Depp

**JOHN WATERS** This was a guy I met as I was riding my bicycle in Provencetown. He's a homosexual, visiting from Australia, staying in a studio, visiting friends, separating and getting it on over black leather. In a word, the crit. Please will pick me up and take care. It is a red jacket start laughing. They can't believe it.

**JOHNNY DEPP** This was a fun night. He had a limo, so we got to have all night. We got to a night bar, a gay bar, a straight bar, a pitcher—of course it was all over. Poor Tracey. Johnny was in a gay bar. No one has ever so thinkin' was weird that I was in a straight bar, which I thought was the weird ass.



10/17/94 *Mrs & Mrs party*  
Home + Dad



3/29/02 *Elisabeth Taylor*  
died to



10/17/03 *After Elizabeth Taylor's death  
Selma Blair, Tracey Ullman,  
Suzanne Shepherd, Johnny Knoxville*



10/17/03 *Chris Isaak* *At 45*  
Chris Isaak

**KATHRYN SHEPHERD, TRACEY ULLMAN, MINE STOLE, SELMA BLAIR, AND JOHNNY KNOXVILLE** This was a shindig room rehearsal for A Dirty Shame, which is about paedophilia. Johnny Knoxville is being the movie godfucking. I was married for two years. I have a stern look on that end doesn't act like an asshole.

**CHRIS ISAAK** Chris was in town so he didn't come to the Shindig rehearsal. He just came over for a cup of coffee. I noticed him this am in a station there on the top floor, which is a bomb factory, Gregorio Ganes. It's like the room of a mad bomber right before the police get there. Because things are louder.



S/Sgt  
Frank W. Hartung  
Pvt Hartung & Friend

**MARY BETH MORAN** IS THE MOTHER OF PATRICK AND TRACI LUCAS. Pat Moran has been my best friend for thirty years. We met in a barbershop in Baltimore. The truth is, I have had the same boyfriend. That is her son on the left...who appeared in *Desperate Living* as a child. He married Traci Lucas. Pat absolutely adored Traci. She still does, even though she and Traci are now divorced.



8/7/02 Red Carpet  
Dan Murphy Driver  
M.P. G. Chant M.J. and Cunningham  
Mr. Hunter, Mr. Martin, John

PATRICIA HYATT NORRIS CHURCH MORMON MURDER JOHN CORRETT SAMMIE NAMAH MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM AND JOHN DOWD I've known Mormon for along time, and I have a dinner party every year in my basement. Michael Cunningham and I have been living up the stairs from him. I've known Michael forever before *The Hours*. I saw his first novel, the one he didn't want you to read.



9/30/82                      Rehabilitation  
George Klobucar              dinner

**GEORGE KALDREHTS** I taught there at the Penitentiary Institution, and George, who used to bring them for a murder, was one of my best students. Eventually, he got out. We would write to each other. "When I was doing Pecker," he'd write, letter from him saying, "When I was doing Pecker, I gave you lesson from them saying, 'When you do a man for a murder that I did not do.' It sounds odd that my only had his killing-a-man that he'd just served. Well, like he used to come to another home and teach a man in a church school to sit there and collect. And this is just



**PATRICIA CLARKSON** (WHO LACED SAM WIESTRUM) **KATHLEEN TURNER** AND **MATTHEW LILL** (ARMED) This was a dingy room in a hotel on Jersey Avenue. People are asking around, "How did you get Sam Weisler to be in your movie?" I mean, no one was surprised that, say, Maksim Chmerkovskiy or my mom, but they always seem shocked by Sam. (Just as I'm shocked Terri is going to do a Mariah in Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Broadway, Oct. 18-26.) Even here there's a sense of irony in the asking.



9/30/92 *reaching*  
Dad + Peter Zahorsky *inviting*

**SEE SEE TAYLOR AND PETER ZAHOREC** They were the first couple I married. I've probably done seven or eight. I got ordained in the Universal Life-Christ church three years ago because I was going to marry Johnny Depp and Vanessa Hudgens, but I ended up gently talking them out of it. They were nice young,



11/1/88  
William H. Bailey

**LAUREN HOLSEY** In *Pinky*, Lauren played Little Christmas, a girl who is addicted to candy, she was let a junkie for candy. Of course, this year, she came to my door dressed as a bag of sugar. I suppose she got into the role and it was hard to get her away from it.



12-18/93 X-ray  
T<sub>24w</sub> (Hill) 1987

**JENNIFER HILL** has a Christmas party every year for everyone she knows in L.A. Some people are invited at the last minute. Jennifer Hill is one of the early stars. Her biggest role was in *Desperate Living*, and the fans just loved her. She cracked in to all five hundred pounds. She's lost some weight.



8/21/02  
PEWNSERS  
for today

**WPL LIBRARY:** Sometimes strangers get all absurd when my assistants and I look. You can take the picture like we are trying to scare them to death. But usually they agree. Anywhere else, how great do they look? It's like a Bruce Weber shot: I have a good building, they've got handsome plumbers. It

# Me, Myself, and I

Wherein  
Esquire  
outfits nine top  
photographers in  
fall's easiest casual  
clothes and asks them  
to turn their cameras  
on themselves



Chris Buck

This is Chris Buck's New York City apartment. "I wanted to make sure the clothes look good, since it's a fashion-related photograph, but I didn't want to take myself too seriously. With the help of a really great makeup artist, Jason Peacock, I gave myself a black eye. It's sort of reflective of my work, though—a little weird sometimes and intertwined with personality above all else." Two-button gaucho-style jacket (\$1,195) and wool turtleneck (\$195) by Prada; belt (\$195) by Gucci.



◀ Ben Watts

THE LOCATION: Mount Hood, Oregon  
THE STORY: "It's not every day that you find yourself in such a beautiful landscape, so I thought Mount Hood provided the perfect opportunity to take a self-portrait. I think the scene is really representative in a kind of an abstract experience—photographing myself—a little bit because it was about me. I was the only thing in the frame. That's all about me." *"There Are Two of You"*  
BEN WATTS AND THE SURFACE (SWEET CALIFORNIA)  
COTTON, JEANS: GUESS BY LAUREN KLEIN JEANS



→ Michael Edwards

THE LOCATION: The parking lot of Chick-fil-A, Allentown, Pennsylvania  
THE STORY: "This was the night before the grand opening of Chick-fil-A. The first hundred customers got free chicken. So these people were camping out overnight. I've spent a lot of time in places like that, and I think it's the perfect place for a New Yorker. It was the perfect setting."  
TWO-BUTTON WOOL SUIT (\$2,795) ROTHYAN HOOD  
BROWN WOOL BLAZER (\$1,695) AND LETTERMAN JACKET (\$495)  
BY CALVIN KLEIN JEANS



### Jake Gyllenhaal

**ON LOCATION:** The Marriott Hotel, Boston  
**THE SHOT:** "I was in Boston to photograph Manny Ramirez of the Boston Red Sox. When I moved the camera on my Bed in the hotel room, I found that I couldn't actually look at it, so I decided to look away before doing something. So I decided to jump up and down on the bed with all the cool gear that I travel with underneath my feet," says Gyllenhaal.  
**ON THE SHOT:** "I'm a correspondent for *Jackie's Short Shorts* (davidheinmantang.com).



### Ethan Hawke

**ON LOCATION:** His Brooklyn apartment,  
**THE SHOT:** "I had to go to the Staten Island Ferry and photograph myself there, but I got stuck down a tight alley by accident. So instead, just tried to provide a very simple, straightforward portrait. One of my friends came over to help me, and I threw up a makeshift backdrop. I didn't want it to be funny or ultraserious, just the very plain and very simple."

**WHERE IT'S WORKING:** 555 5th Ave, 10th Fl., New York City  
[ETHANHAWKE.COM](http://ethanhawke.com)



▲ Jeff Lipsky

THE LOCATION: His studio in Venice, California. THE SHOT: "Used a large-format camera, a four-by-five, for this shot. I made sure that no one else was in the room. That's the essence of self-portrait, to have that personal, intimate moment, and I've always done it this way by lighting naturally, by relying on my tools, and trying to have to put myself in the light without being artificial about it." THE STORY: JACKET, VINTAGE; JEANS, GUESS AND COTTON; SHIRT, SATEEN; GOLD RING, PIA LUGERI. CAPTION JEANS: GUESS BY KAREN FRICK.



▲ Hugh Kretschmer

THE LOCATION: His studio in Brooklyn. THE SHOT: "I didn't want the photograph to be about just me. My four-year-old daughter wanted to be in the picture, so I compromised on the picture. My son is usually very complacent and doesn't do anything, so I had to put him in the light without being artificial about it." THE STORY: JACKET, VINTAGE; JEANS, HUGO BOSS; SHIRT, DOLCE & GABBANA; LEATHER BOOTS, JIMMY CHOO. CAPTION JEANS: GUESS BY JOHN VARVATOS.

**Christopher Anderson**  
THE LOKOMOTIVE HOTEL  
MOSCOW, RUSSIA

THE TWO "I'm not sure what I'm doing" photos document my style of photography. I'm not the kind of photographer who ever really sets anything up with lights or assistants or anything. It's always just me and my camera. Frankly, I'm not sure how to use the timer on the camera... so I

"pretend to snap a photo from my bathroom to see what I was doing." **LEATHER JACKET (\$1,048)**  
**BRAHMIN JEANS** CASHMERE BLIND  
**SHIRT** (\$1,295) BY RICHARD BRUNEL  
**JEANS** (\$495) BY JOHN VARVATOS



**Norman Jean Roy**  
THE LOKOMOTIVE HOTEL  
MOSCOW, RUSSIA

THE EARTH: "There's a reason why I'm behind the camera rather than in front of it, it's an uncomfortable feeling to have to get in there all yourself, that's honest. And that's something I try to be aware of whenever

photographing other people, because I know that very few people are completely at ease being a camera's subject." **HER AUTUMN COTTON-POPPY VEST** (\$1,095)  
**WHITE TEE** (\$1,095)  
**BLACK JEANS** (\$495)  
**HOODIE** (\$1,095)  
**SHIRT** (\$1,295) BY RICHARD BRUNEL  
**JEANS** (\$495) BY JOHN VARVATOS

BY TOMMIE LEE

# Photograph Her Nude

**STEP 1: KNOW WHAT YOU LOOKS**

When I started to photograph women, I always figured it was best to take a pose that you think will look good on her. For instance, if you're a leg man, have her up on one leg more. Have her up on one foot, have her in a crouching position, or have her in a more relaxed, carefree pose like a sit-up. It's all about—“It's good and beautiful.”

**STEP 2: USE COMFORTABLE**

**UNDERWEAR.** Don't try to make too much skin appear. I don't want to see anything you have up there. Stick with cozy, trimmey, warm clothing when you're just starting out. Start at a window light. Then try a desk lamp or even a floor lamp in the hallway.

**STEP 3: DON'T FORGET THE**

**PERIPHERY.** You need to find a time a location, and a pose that is compatible with what you think is beautiful. Just try to remember that the same body parts should be exposed in different ways. If you hold up one end of the template or yes will hurt the overall effect.

**STEP 4: PICK HER FIRST FEATURE.**

The first thing you should do is

not great because I'm not

going to do it if you

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## Serious People Making Funny Faces

At the Four Seasons in New York and the Palms in Washington, for just a moment anyway, they didn't take themselves quite so seriously.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAKE CHESWELL



Greta Van Susteren  
attorney, *What Do You Want?*  
with Greta Van Susteren



Bob Schieffer,  
chief Washington correspondent  
CBS News anchor, *Face the Nation*,  
and *Meet the Press*. From the National  
Press Club's 20th Annual *Faces*  
Exhibit. *Illustration by Mark Hirsch*

**Manon Barry,**  
left-right, actress, four-term mayor of Washington  
D.C., former member of Washington city council.







# LEGAL NOTICE

Attention Purchasers of

# LONGITUDE

## Full & Firm Stature



These products may have been sold to you by, or you may have made your payment to, C.P. Direct Inc., Nutritional Supplements Inc., Bed 4 Audio, or CD ROMs of the Month Club.

## YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO A COURT ORDERED REFUND.

The Arizona Attorney General has forfeited the assets of C.P. Direct, Inc. and others in a lawsuit brought in the Arizona Superior Court, and turned over these assets to a Receiver to use for compensation to persons who purchased these products. The Court found that C.P. Direct, Inc. and others committed fraud by making the following false statements:

- Longitude would permanently increase the length of the penis; Stature would increase height, and Full&Firm would increase female breast size.
- These products were the results of scientific or medical research.
- The "before" and "after" photo and other testimonials showed actual results from the use of these products;
- Purchases of these products were safeguarded by a money-back guarantee;
- Purchasers could avoid further charges by canceling "auto-ship" product refills.

If you purchased any of the above products and never received a full refund from the seller, your credit card company, or other party, you may request a refund of your uncompensated loss by timely filing a completed Request for Compensation form with the Receiver. Also, you may request a refund of your uncompensated loss if you purchased any of the following other products sold by C.P. Direct, Inc. via STAC, d-Zine, Euphoria, fat BLOK, Follicare, Inferno A, Inferno B, Inferno C, Liquitherm, Liquamax, Long Jack, or N-R-G.

For information on filing a Request for Compensation go to: [www.cp-receivership.com](http://www.cp-receivership.com)

Or write to:

C.P. Direct Receivership  
PO Box 14050, Scottsdale Arizona 85267

Request for Compensation forms submitted by mail must be postmarked, and those submitted electronically at the above website must be transmitted, not later than **DECEMBER 31, 2004**.

Only a Request for Compensation form provided by the Receiver may be used.

This notice has been authorized by the Arizona Superior Court for Maricopa County in *State of Arizona, ex rel Terry Goddard v C.P. Direct, Inc., et al., No. CV 2002-011275*. For information about this case go to [www.cp-receivership.com](http://www.cp-receivership.com) - DO NOT contact the Court for information about this case.

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## Photos We Couldn't Quite Get A Hold Of



Marlon Brando's cremation,  
as seen from space



John Kerry's, John Edwards's  
before pictures from the  
Hair Club for Men



Bentley's passion, summer '04



Al Gore's book collection.



The White House private  
screening of "September 11"

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